

1981



VICKY SHIGSTACK



DEAR VICKY,
I'm so glad you were at Trinity this year. There was somebody in to keep me company in the basement when there was nothing to do except tell all these horrible disgusting, pathetic boys to shut up! Thanks a lot for sticking with me through it all. See ya next summer - Love, Wendy

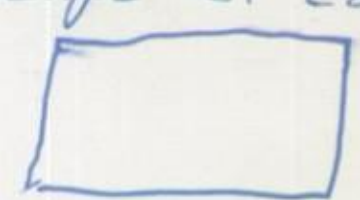
Dear Vicky,
for all the times you've written in one of my books, I finally got to write in one of yours! ☺

Smile and be happy (corny but sincere)
Love Sarah Cag.



WELL I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO SAY
SO HAVE A VERY
HAPPY SUMMER
FRED

A dirty picture of -
an albino male
Prostitute smothered
in heaps of cool whip.



Have a happy
Summer
Colin Smith

Dear Vic,
It's great that we have been each other - able to get to know? - I forgot that locker combination?! Well I'll see you - Love, Michelle

Dear Vicky,
It has been really nice knowing you. I hope you have a really super summer. See ya next year
Love
Andrew

DEAR VICKY
I THINK YOU'RE A
GREAT PARGON NANA
JUST KIDDING -

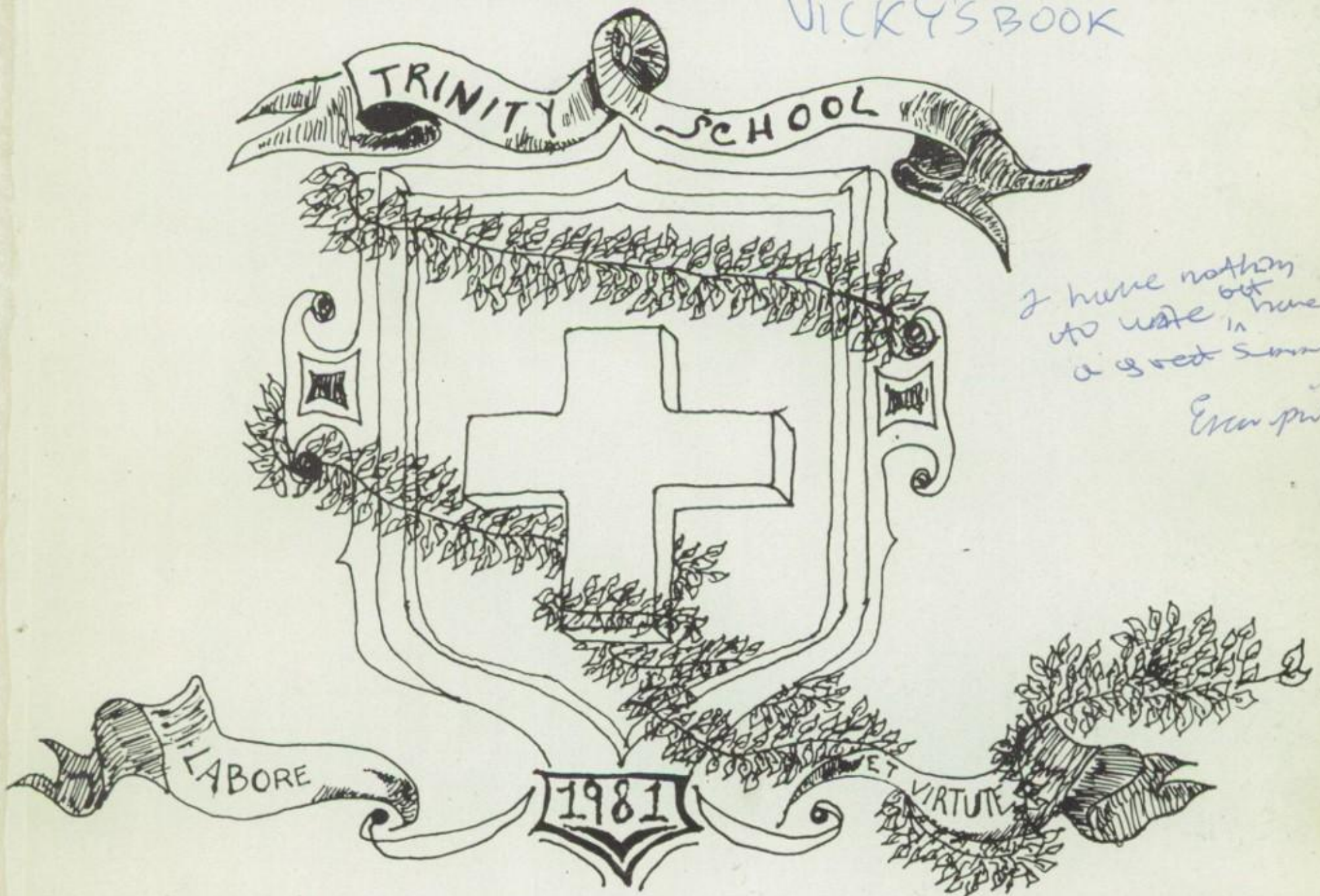
Sharonan
(not really)

Vick
↓
○

Hi I'm Joe the
Bird furd
Have a good summer
and a better rest
Year David

THE TRINITY

VICKY'S BOOK



I have nothing
to write ^{but} I have
a great summer
Ever phil

YEARBOOK

Dear Vicky, it's
Wow, it's
the end of the
year. Only
about 3 more days of
Mr. B's ~~madness~~
French class.
That's a class
to remember.
He ethee make
you cry or laughter
or madness.

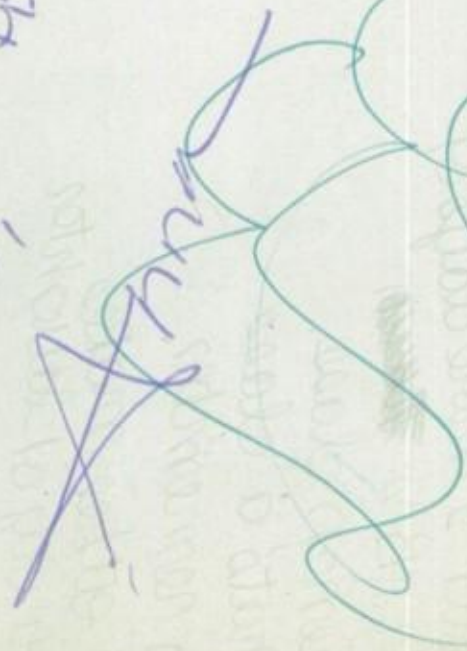
Hope we're
in the same
French class
next year.

Have a great
summer
Valerie

Dear Vickie,
 It has been a real
 pleasure being in your clothes and getting
 to know you better,
 Martin



TO VICKIE:-
 When I first met you,
 I thought "Gee, I hope we
 can become friends" be-
 cause it's hard to become
 friends with two girls who
 are already friends. (you
 and Kath.) Well, I'm glad
 we did. I'll think of you
 over the summer. You
 a good one.
 Love,
 Anna



To Vickie
 Whozzup?
 FH
 Love
 Rachel

NEW YORKER **BOOKS**



NEW YORKER BOOKSHOP

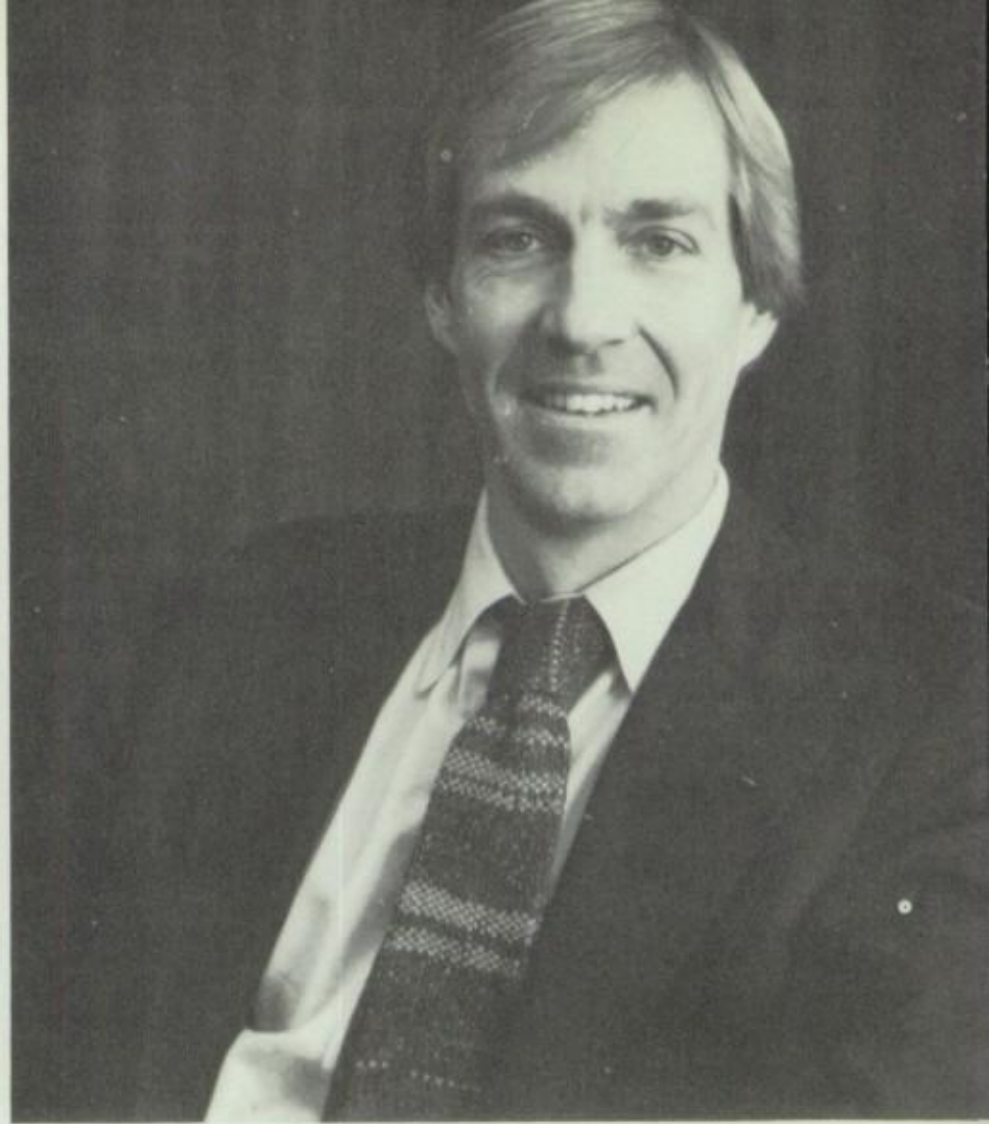
NEW YORKER
BOOKSHOP

NEW YORKER
AUTHORS





Works of literature dating from the Middle Ages to yesterday's *New York Times*' op-ed page spring to life every day under the enthusiastic and graceful guiding hand of Jane Mallison. Once in one of her English classes, the uninterested party will find himself happily involved, and the anglophile will think he has gone to some kind of wordsmith's paradise. She brings to her students a love of reading, a fascination with all things literary, and a verve for her subject which somehow manages to enliven class after class. Do not be deceived by the soft, rational, calm quality of her voice, for underneath that organized exterior lies a raging reader, a woman whose passion for Johnsonian epigrams, Austenian witticisms, and Nabokovian Chinese boxes is matched by no man's. For the innumerable students who have had the good fortune to drop by her class for a year or two during the last decade, Mrs. Mallison has come to epitomize the passion for instructing and learning which truly distinguishes the teacher's career and endows both budding writers and teachers with a true sense of what their jobs should represent.



When a teacher is able to give to his students the joy, the enthusiasm and the dedication with which he embraces his subject, he can be called truly successful, for he has enabled his class to see what they have been learning about in a unique and intriguing way, a way that incorporates the interest and experience he has shared with them. Subjects taught in this manner can never be forgotten or dismissed. Douglas Gruenau exemplifies such a man, and under his instruction Biology, with its myriads of plant and animal life, is addicting. In the classroom, patiently and thoroughly answering questions, creating complex diagrams and giving explanatory lectures, Mr. Gruenau quickly draws in each student, binding the class together and ensuring that no one will fear science or sit silently confused. In his class, the biology facts that sit dry and undesirable on the text book page become animated and intriguing and one soon longs to know more about the world and its creations. He has generously given to countless students his flames of knowledge and passions for botany and zoology; his zealousness is contagious, and he has, for all his classes, made that everyday world a more involving place to live.

DEDICATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE CLASS OF '81

1980			1981		
			SEP	OCT	NOV
JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE

JEFFREY WEINER—Most likely to pass out Devil Dogs to strangers
 VICTORIA WESELEY—Most likely to keep Ma Bell in business
 STEPHEN WOLF—Most likely to videotape himself
 EVERYONE ELSE—Most likely to be extremely annoyed that they were not included in the "Most Likely To" section
 ELLEN McGARRAHAN—Most likely to let a smile be her umbrella

ADAM STOCK—Most likely to become a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper
 JOHN CHANIN—Most likely, if stuck on a desert island, to campaign for a palm tree
 CLARKSON HINES—See John Chanin
 DIRK ZIFF—Most likely to die laughing
 ANDREW DENSON—Most likely to become a victim of attack by rabid beavers
 WADE RICHARDS—Most likely to be bought off the rack
 ALEC SOKOLOW—Most likely to "go to the videotape"
 KAZ KUNO—Most likely to agree
 J.M. GIBBS—Most likely to have technical difficulties
 MATTHEW HOROVITZ—Most likely to become Ricardo Montalban's sidekick

CHRIS ALTSCHULER—Most likely to climb Mount Everest
 TOD BLACK—Most likely to die of pink and green overkill
 BILL BRAYER—Most likely to become an auto mechanic
 JED BURACK—Most likely to go through life unkempt
 MILES ESTY—Most likely to star in "The American Gigolo Returns"
 MARK ETTINGER—Most likely to resemble Cousin Itt in twenty years
 SIMON FILL—Most likely to be found on the bench outside the music room in twenty years
 HOWARD FREEMAN—Most likely to become a Moondoggie
 SUKI FRISCH—Most likely to become a union organizer
 JOHANNA GLOVER—Most likely to become a college mudwrestler
 MARK HARRIS—Most likely to become a poor starving writer
 MARY-LOUISE HAWKINS—Most likely to marry a lawyer, move to Martha's Vineyard, have three children and spend her days at the country club
 PHOEBE HAWKINS—Most likely to marry Mr. Hanly
 CHRIS HUNT—Most likely to be squashed
 DAVID LEE—Most likely to become an interior decorator in Beverly Hills
 BRIDGET LEROY—Most likely to work her way through college as a waitress at Tavern On The Green
 TONY LYONS—Most likely to take a life
 KAZ MAKABE—Most likely to blow up the world
 ELLY EISENBERG—Most likely to turn up on "General Hospital"
 LISBET ENGBERG—Most likely to spend the weekend in another state
 ROBERT MELTZER—Most likely to drown a whale
 AMY MINTZER—Most likely to call the Constitution unconstitutional
 ANNE PASANEN—Most likely to join the WACs
 CRAIG POSPISII—Most likely to become Richard Dreyfuss
 KYRA REPPEN—Most likely to die in her Docksiders
 AMY ROBINSON—Most likely to com-
 JED SPINGARN—Most likely to be found on someone's shoe
 NANCY ULRICH—Most likely to get a crick in her neck
 PHIL WALSH—Most likely to give new meaning to the word "modest"

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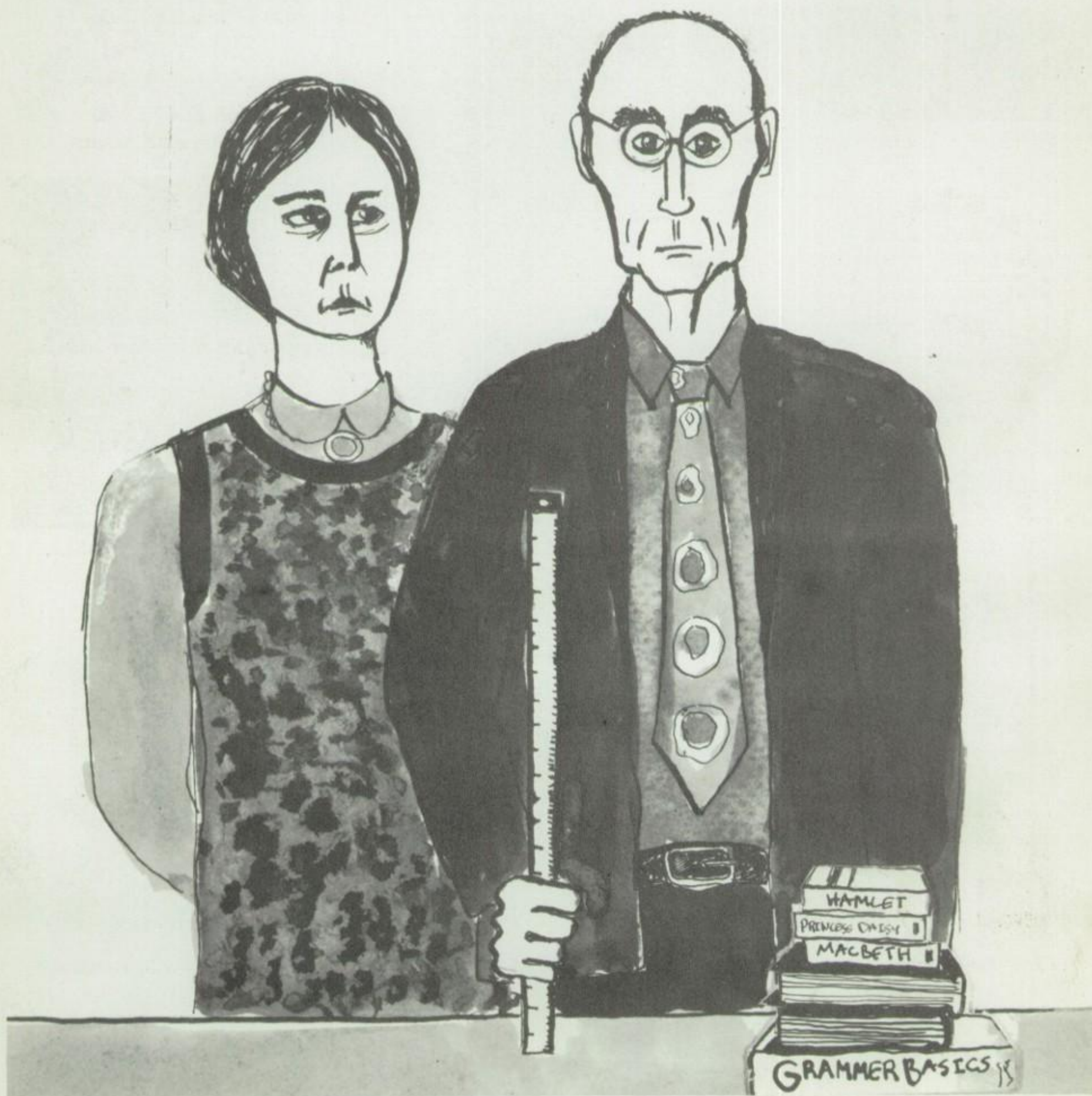
THE TRINITY SCHOOL

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FACULTY



Dear Vickie, wigs, wiggy, the big Vickie, etc.

I know I will see you soon because we will both be working together trying to re-pay Mr. Corral for all the broken items. Also later in life when we become T.P.'s teachers. It's been a fun

year and I'm glad to be your friend.

Your T.P.'s
Friend.

Andy "break the test tube"
Bernie



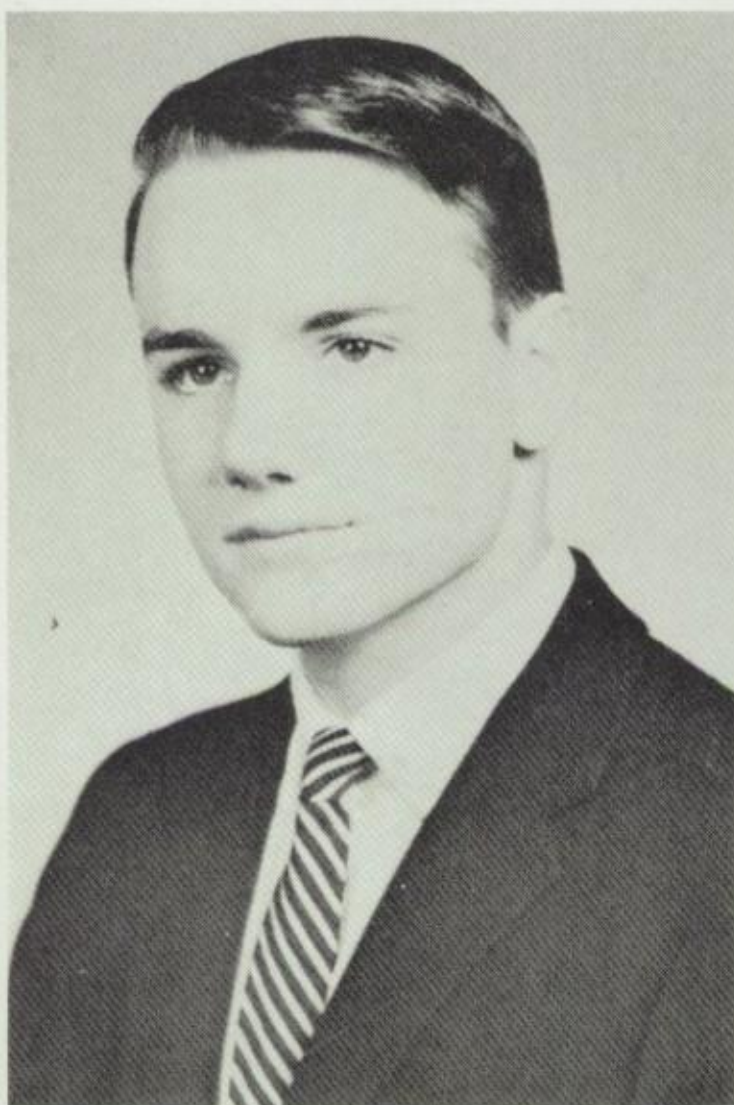
Mr. Clarence Bruner-Smith



Mrs. Anne Adams



Mr. Kimball Turner



Mr. Richard Blumenthal



Mr. Frank Smith



Mr. Dudley Maxim



Mrs. Pamela Roberts

Vickie,

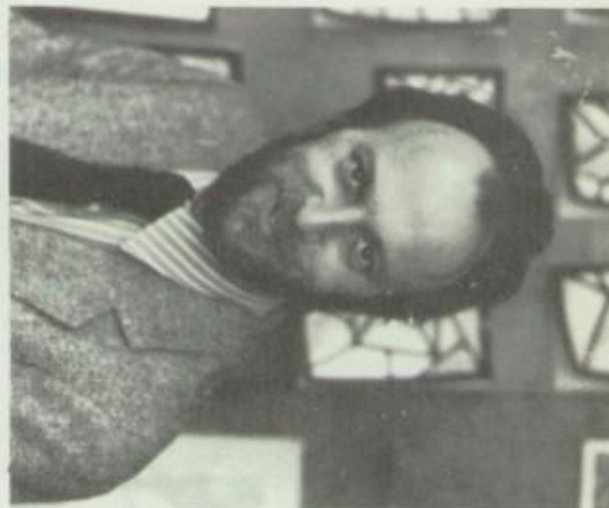
You may think you are through with this school but you have 10th grade to look forward to. Oh well.

Next year I hope you stop working during all your Frees. Have a great summer & Good luck in 10th grade. Bye & congratulations on surviving your first year of high school Love,

[Signature]



clockwise from left: Mrs. McGrath, Mr. McMurray, Ms. Hilton, C. Brighton, D. Buchanan, R. Aackre, H. Dayton, M. Feldtmose, C. Martin, C. Dieterich, K. Joseph, R. Flannigan, A. Luth.





clockwise from left: S. Harris, K. Kipp, J. McCord, P. Lemchen, S. Kaplan, E. Park, C. Reilly, M. Leighton, S. Hipkins, J. Belknap, K. Turner, K. Tinker





Clockwise from top left: Mrs. L. Jacobs, Mrs. S. Ulin, Mrs. D. Tarlowe, Mr. R. Hipkins and Sarah. Mrs. J. McDermott, Mrs. H. Andrejevic, Mr. Stewart, Mrs. G. Reed, Mrs. S. Schnetzer, Mrs. C. Widdoes, Mrs. G. Seltzer, Mrs. P. Hawkins, Mrs. K. Ramos, Mrs. C. Roberts





Mr. Bruner-Smith

For another
great
red-haired.
J. Ham.



Mr. Bleakely

SO DO
MITE
OF THE
YEAR
1981



Mr. Hanly - a wacko kind of guy!



Mrs. Varijan,
Mrs. Lufrano



Mr. Bedriomo; Modern Language



Mr. Ostapiak; Mathematics



Mme. Hilsman; Modern language



Mrs. Adams; Head librarian



Mr. McMurray; English, Admissions, Track



Mr. Maxim; Athletics



Mr. Romano; Mathematics



Ms. France; English



Coach Tyson; Athletics



Mr. Iredell; English



Mr. Kahn; History

"And this is my dog imitation . . ."



Mr. "Albo" Wray; Mathematics



Mr. Papas; English

"Feelin' lucky, punk?"



"Broadway" Bob Hirshorn; Music and all round nice guy



Mrs. Van Zandt; Librarian



Mr. Hobson; Mathematics



Mr. Corral; Science

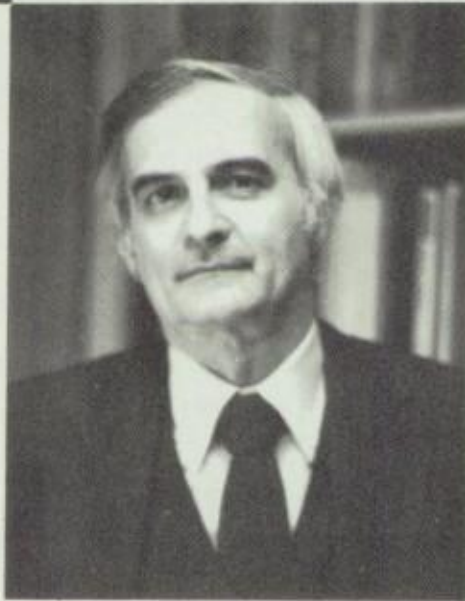


Ms. Aronson; Science

You are now entering the Twilight Zone



Mr. Ryan; Controller



Mr. Graff; Principal, Middle School



Ms. Griffin; History

Charlie's next angel

sexpot of the year



Mr. Toborg; Athletics



Mr. Chaiken; Science

"My pet, Spot"



Dr. Wolf; Science



Dr. Smith; History



Mr. Smith; Classics

"Entre nous . . ."



Dr. C. Bell; Music



Mme. Gallice; Modern language



Mr. Hull; English

"What about the INNER meaning?!"



Mr. Hill; Director, transportation



Mr. Al Romano; English
"Listen here, buckeroos."



Mr. Dooley; Art
space



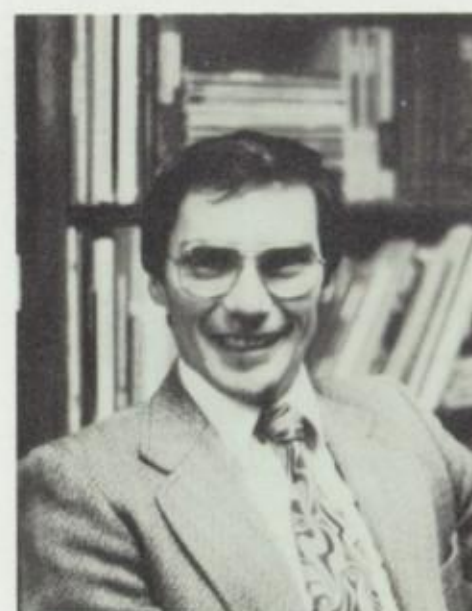
Ms. Preston; Science



Mr. Ryshke; Science



Mr. Lebow; Athletics



Mr. Havil; Mathematics
Dr. C's stand-in



Dr. Hughes

What's all the brouhaha?



Dr. Gruenau



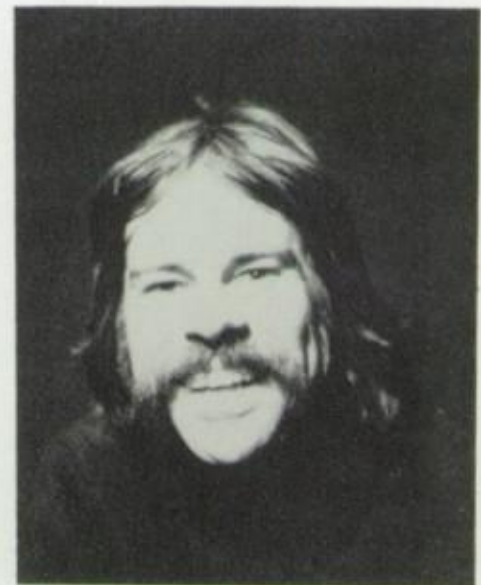
Mrs. Mallison



Dr. Huff



Ms. Shufro

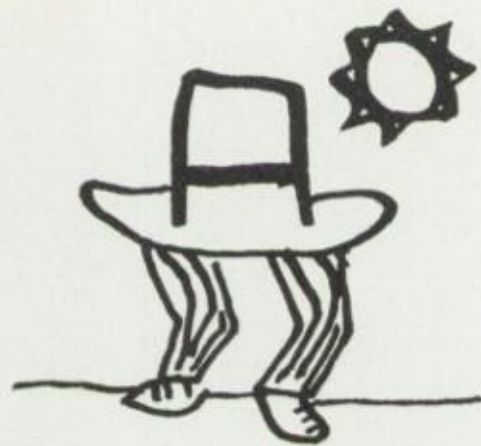


Mr. Sweeney





Ms. Pappas



Mr. Herland

Ever since then I've had a drinking problem.



Mr. Degener



Ms. Perelson



Dr. Blumenthal



Father Heischman



Mme. Coyle; French



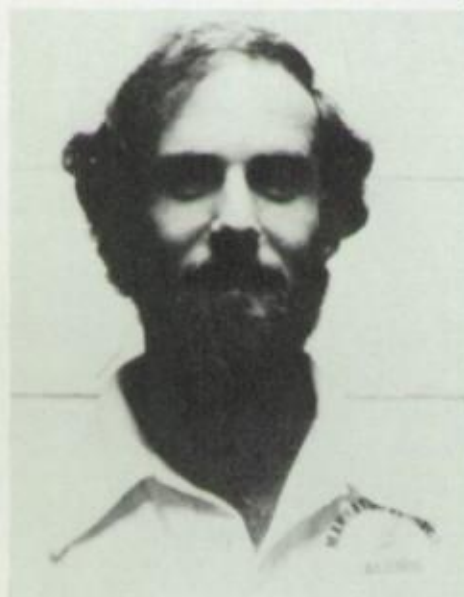
Ms. Evered; Math



Mr. Moser; Religion, Philosophy



Ms. Jacobson; Math



Mr. Kivlan; Phys. Ed., Track Coach



Dr. Leana; College Counselor

"It's all in my book . . ."



Mr. Weisberg; English



Mr. Cantor; Coach: Wrestling,
Cross Country *Would you buy a car
from this face?*



Ms. Gerard; Photography



Ms. Hall; Spanish

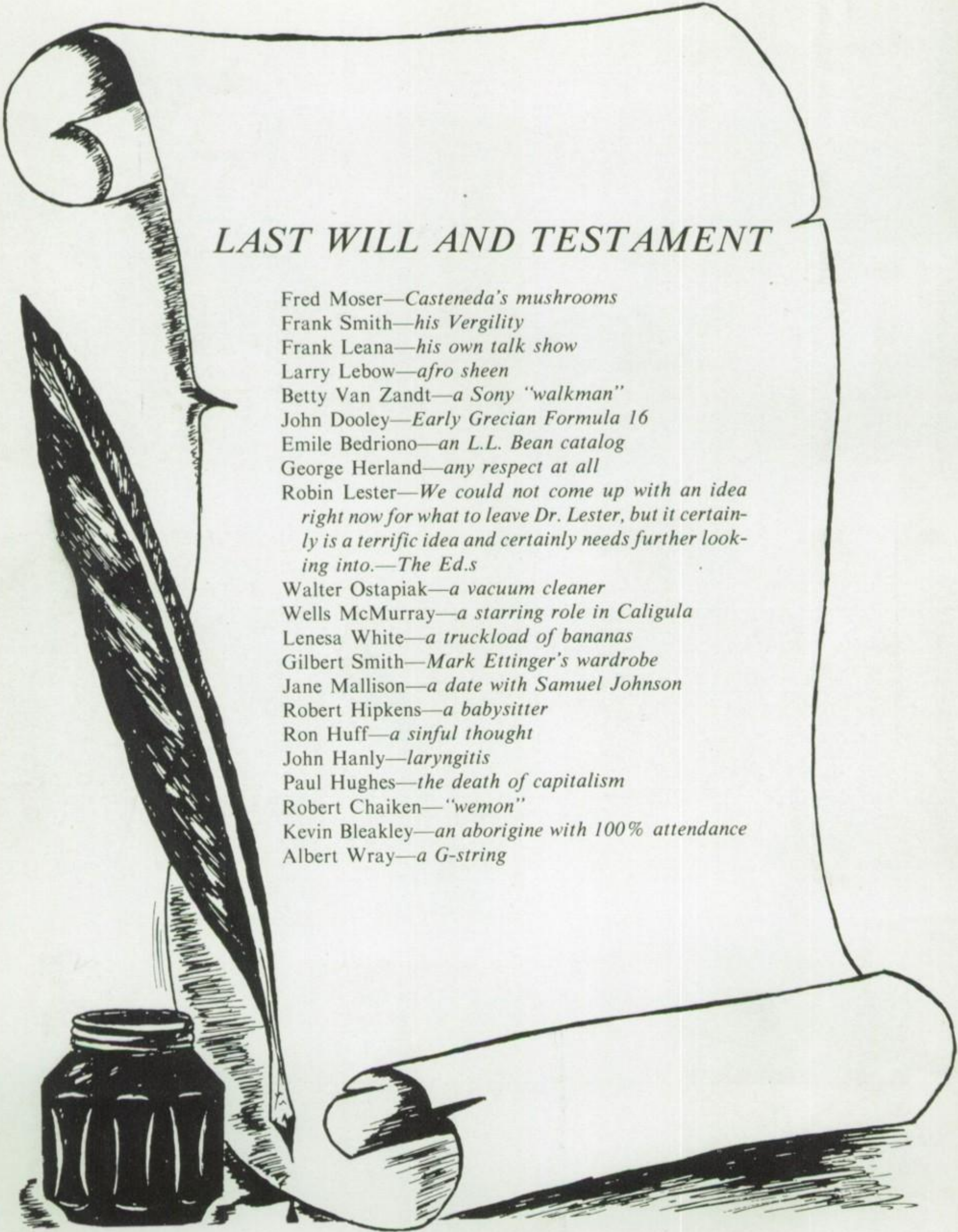


Ms. White; Psychology

"Bananas"



Ms. Holland; Gym, Coach: Soccer,
Swimming *"Now make like a fish."*

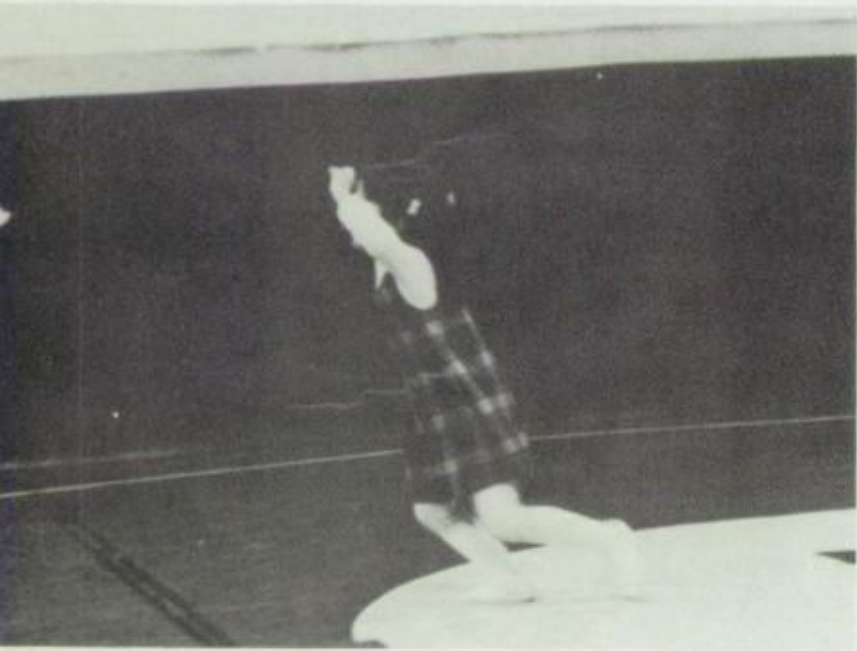


LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Fred Moser—*Casteneda's mushrooms*
Frank Smith—*his Vergility*
Frank Leana—*his own talk show*
Larry Lebow—*afro sheen*
Betty Van Zandt—*a Sony "walkman"*
John Dooley—*Early Grecian Formula 16*
Emile Bedriono—*an L.L. Bean catalog*
George Herland—*any respect at all*
Robin Lester—*We could not come up with an idea
right now for what to leave Dr. Lester, but it certainly
is a terrific idea and certainly needs further look-
ing into.—The Ed.s*
Walter Ostapiak—*a vacuum cleaner*
Wells McMurray—*a starring role in Caligula*
Lenesa White—*a truckload of bananas*
Gilbert Smith—*Mark Ettinger's wardrobe*
Jane Mallison—*a date with Samuel Johnson*
Robert Hipkens—*a babysitter*
Ron Huff—*a sinful thought*
John Hanly—*laryngitis*
Paul Hughes—*the death of capitalism*
Robert Chaiken—*"wemon"*
Kevin Bleakley—*an aborigine with 100% attendance*
Albert Wray—*a G-string*

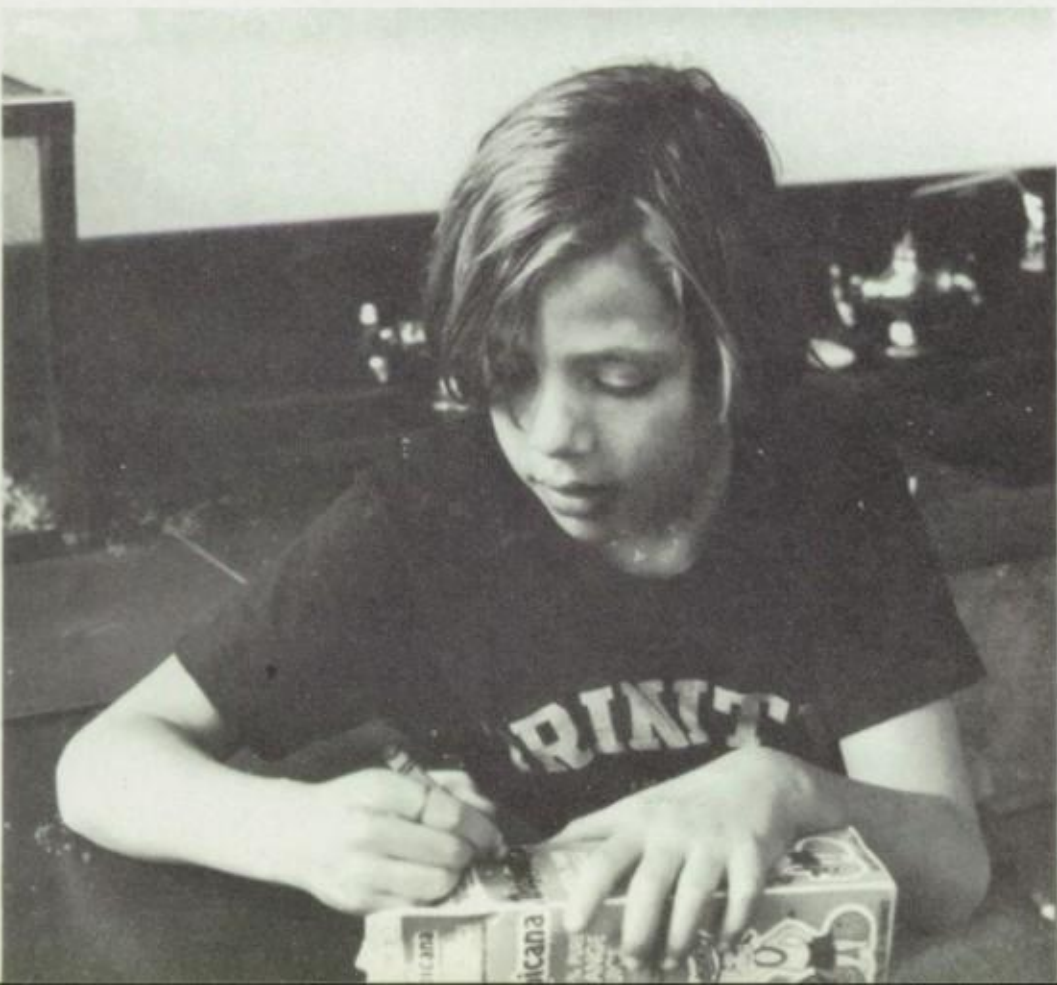


Bridging the gap



LOWER SCHOOL





When Trinity School was established in 1709 by Royal Charter Queen Anne, the foundation included boys' and girls' "departments". Trinity thus became one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, educational institutions that served both sexes in the New World. Girls have in fact been present at Trinity much longer than they have been absent since its founding. It was not until the 1830's that the girls' department was phased out, and Trinity became an all-boys school.

In 1970, Trinity re-admitted girls into the Upper School. Now, in 1980, we have re-admitted girls at the Lower School level. The girls who are a part of Trinity's 1980-81 Kindergarten class are pioneers, for as the class advances



through the Lower, Lower Middle, and Upper Middle Schools, they will lead the modern movement which returns to the coeducational status of the eighteenth century school.

The decision to return to an entirely coeducational school was made over a three-year period from 1976 to 1979. Faculty, trustees, parents, and students expressed themselves on the issue, and the final resolution was made at a Board meeting in January 1979. There were people of good will and good argument on all sides

of the variegated issue. Most faculty were strongly in favor of re-admitting girls to the Lower School. As virtually all of the Lower School faculty had taught in all-boys, all-girls *and* coeducational settings, they were well qualified as experts in the matter. A vital consideration for many was that any school which initially limits its constituency to less than half of the human race has greatly delimited its dimensions and vision. Perhaps the clearest apologetic for single-sex education was offered to me by a leading headmistress: "Single-

sex girls' education (and one could well add boys' education) is compensatory education." This candid statement is at once the strongest support as well as the strongest indictment of single-sex education.

It appears that for the Trinity community, the re-admission of girls in both 1970 and 1980 into the oldest English school in the New World is an idea whose time has come. Let us hope that we can better serve our City and our Republic because of this development.

Robin Lester

KINDERGARTEN

Kindergarteners sing, and dance, and play, and get to use blocks and dolls, and eat juice and cookies, and ride on the school bus. They have no homework. There is no social pressure. How they have the unmitigated gall to enjoy themselves in such an erstwhile institution of learning is beyond the comprehension of this writer. Don't they realize that there are serious problems on earth, problems that need careful thought and resolution? The irresponsibility that these five-year olds are show-

ing disturbs me greatly. Why, only half of them could name more than ten of Ronald Reagan's cabinet appointments. Indeed, if Trinity's future rests on their tiny shoulders, I can only shudder at the future. In fact . . . oh well, what's the use? I admit it—they're the best show in town. And there are girls too! Lest kindergarteners become too happy with the present state of affairs, however, they should remember this: there's no place to grow but up.

Dear Vicki,
Hi. Even though I've
always had some (just a few)
doubts about your sanity,
continued on p. 81

Back Row: Mrs. Gumbs, Cassia Holstein, Alexander Dunlap, James Lester, Elizabeth Epstein, Justin Steinberg, Andrew Palmer, Mrs. Marin. Front Row: Kevin Chambers, Steven Rosenbloom, Kay Kamiyama, Romaine Newman, Stacey Enos. Abs: Susan Jakes, Scott Regenbogen, Timothy Morrison.



friend with you next year, no bluffing.
I really mean it. Love ya kiddos

(Love Muth Father)

Dear Vicki
I also have had
doubts
about
your
sanity.
hehehe
You really
wonderful
and I
really
want
to be good



Back row: Susan Harris, Katie Rabb, Alexander Hahn, Christopher Pritchard, Daniel Feinberg, Pat Hawkins. Middle row: Jody Weinstein, Jeffrey Darlington, Patrick Gallahue, Miranda Gordon, Courtney Pierce, Kirk Bedell. Front row: Jason Bross, Keisha McKenzie, Alexander Sherman, Elizabeth Green.



Back row: Heather Dayton, John West, Sicily Rockmore, Michael Marks, Kevin Graff, Anna Tree, Mrs. Tinker. Middle row: Jamie Kane, Carolyn Hahn, Gregg Spiegleman, Brett Dingee, Jane Abrams. Front row: Jamie O'Keefe, Michael LeBow, Robin Biderman, Shashi Durbail, Isao Matsumatzo.

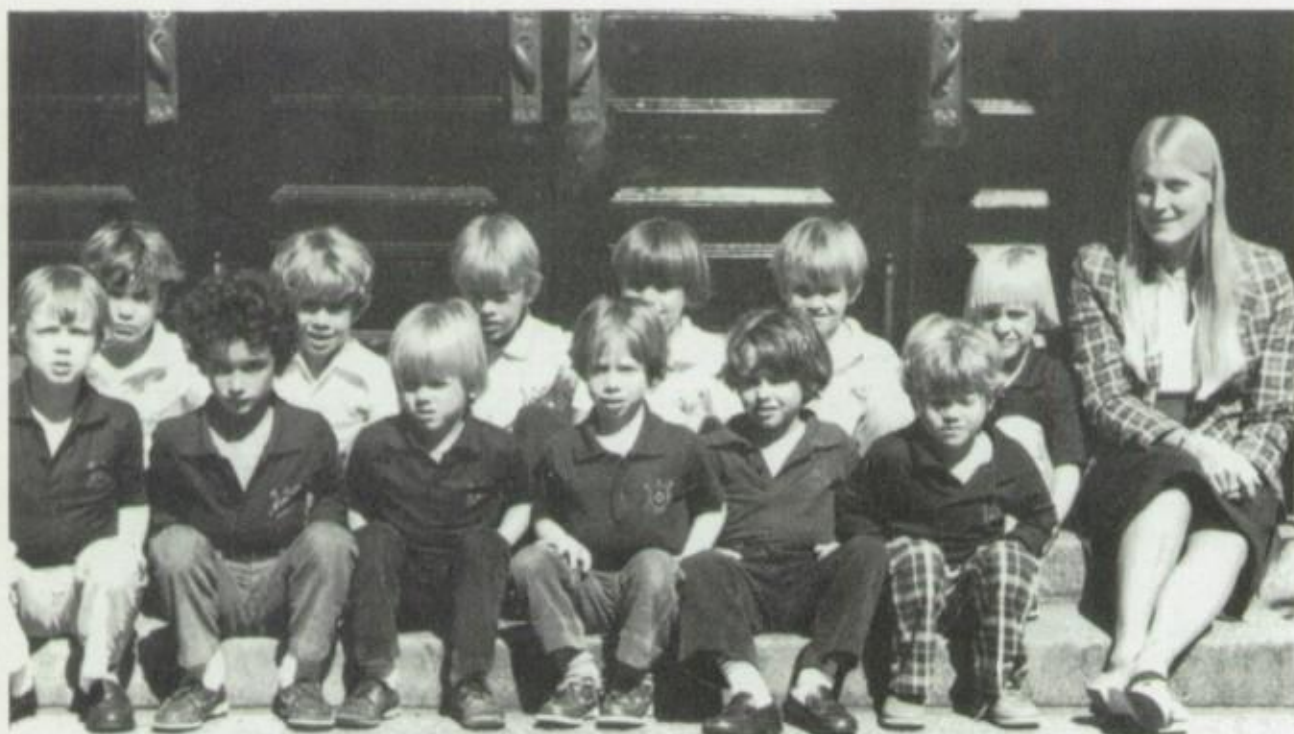
GRADE ONE

First grade is not kindergarten. No, indeed. There are no girls *here*. And also, these boys are older and more mature by an entire year, which is an awful lot because at that age the days go by more slowly. Stopping by a first-grade classroom, one notices first-graders absorbed with blocks, which quickly turn into castles with towers and modern-day high-rises; puzzling through the intricacies of new words and sounds. All

this involves more intelligence and concentration than is apparent in kindergarten, which *these* kids realize is nothing more than a glorified playground. First-graders get around to serious learning. I wish this had been a humorous essay, but real humor doesn't appear until next year (see Grade 2 essay); which is not to say that first-graders don't have fun, they just haven't refined their fun into wit yet.



Back row: Damien Febles, Peter Schneidman, Russell Ahrens, Alexander Hajnal, Samuel Heyworth, Jeffrey Werner. Front row: Sergio Alati, Duncan Boyd, David Hahn, James Eisenberg, Samuel Grobart.



Top row: Alexander Rey, James LeFrack, Kel Chrisensen, Joshua Eisenberg, Nathaniel Sweeny, Jeffrey Matyas, Joan Rappprt. Bottom row: Matthew Blades, Xander Bailey, Mark Roth, Joshua Zinring, Benjamin Daily, Aklen Strock.



Back row: Philip Casseus, Matthew Stern, Luke Tansill, Jasper Pilasteh, Robert Scavone, Jacob Avidon. Front row: Andrew Brooks, Brooks Ross, Sanjay Arwade, Joshua Lawrence, Page Siplon.



Top row: Josh Rappoprt, Douglas Barowski, Michael Kirshbaum, Peter Lawrence, John Lehman, Kathi Ramos. Bottom row: Kevin Jenkins, Timmy Townsend, David Zurin, John Kaden, Joshua Miller, Nicholas Calton.

GRADE TWO



The Class of '91 cannot seem to get their minds off their high school graduation. Most of them already have tuxedos and carnations picked out; their shimmering blue caps and gowns hang in the closet—pressed and ready to go. A select few of these boys have lined up some pretty decent prom dates; the rest are home each night rehearsing their lines (“Baby, I have a feeling we can make beautiful fingerpainting together”). What

they don't know is that it's a doggy-dog world out there, a cold-hearted place where people stop at nothing in their ruthless quest for the top—it's claw or be clawed, break or be broken, snap or be snippen; fellas, it's a hard day's night. So savor school while you can, guys; run around and gulp your air with gusto, forget for now that vast tarpit of higher education (like middle school). Take it from me . . . it's heck.



Back row: Peter Adams, Daniel Abrams, Tadd Cortell, Reid Maclean, Max Sullivan, Gen Kanai, Jesse Angelo. Front row: Christopher Savastano, Luke von Schreiber, C. Alexander Morfopoulos, William Berlind, David Ades, James Murdoch, Michael Jones.



Front row: Theseus Roche, Nicky Bijur, Ian Vasicka, Jonathan Massey, Daniel Long, Creighton McDonald, Colin McGrath. Back row: Alvin Bragg, Jonathon Reinish, David Kaplan, Peter Sak, Alexander Rabb, Brian Eng, John Rudolph, Mr.s Andrejevic.



Front row: Christopher Enos, Damon Liss, Tor Christensen, Bucky Hodgson, Christopher Rogers, Butchie Lewis, Douglas Gurfein. Back row: Mrs. Seltzer, Joshua Waxman, Jeffrey Sable, Matthew Jones, Nicholas Keene, William Bassett, Lee Swadowsky, Derek Winston



Front Row: Christopher Enos, Damon Liss, Tor Christenson, Bucky Hodgson, Christopher Rogers, Butchie Lewis, Douglas Gurfein. Back Row: Mrs. Seltzer, Joshua Waxman, Jeffrey Sable, Matthew Jones, Nicholas Keene, William Bassett, Lee Swedowsky, Derek Winston.



Front Row: Theseus Roche, Nicholas Bijur, Ian Vasicka, Jonathan Massey, Daniel Long, Creighton McDonald, Colin McGrath. Back Row: Alvin Bragg, Jonathan Reinish, David Kaplan, Peter Sak, Alexander Rabb, Brian Eng, John Rudolph, Mrs. Andrejevic.

GRADE THREE

I was sitting in the third grade room, feet propped up on several volumes of *Dr. Seuss' Guide to the Philosophies of Kant*, when in ventures me exactly as I remember myself as an eight-year-old.

"Yeah, you're pretty big stuff, senior and all, huh?" he snarled.

I shuddered at this frightening confrontation with my third grade spectre. He wore my old blue blazer, my oversized gray pants, and my weatherbeaten penny loafers with the penny spaces stretched to hold quarters.

"Lemme tell you something

about seniors, buddy. Four of us third graders could take you three out of five times in space invaders any day of the week. You name the time; you name the place."

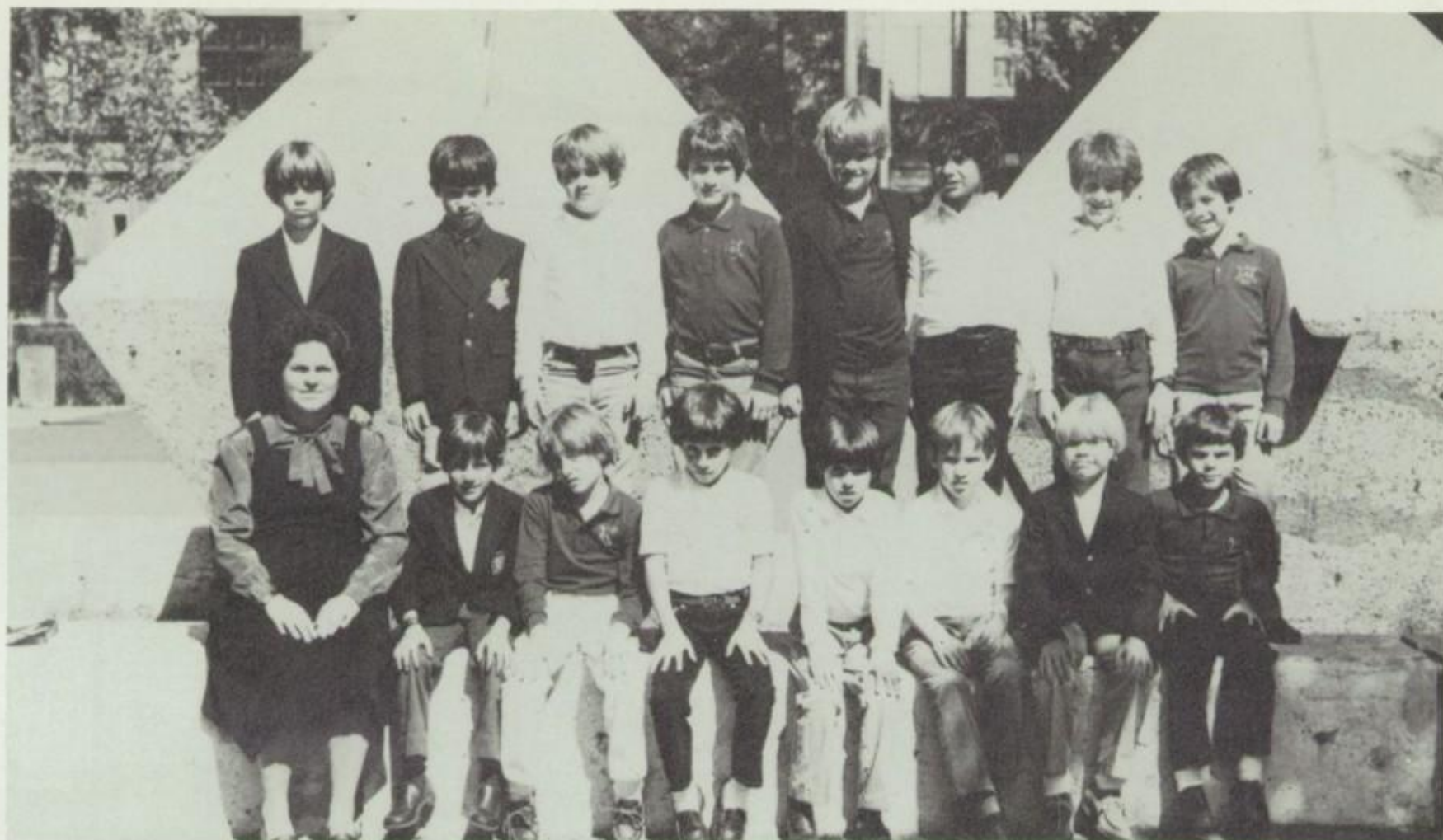
I promised that I intended no offense trespassing on third grade property, that being double his age didn't mean I had forgotten the little people.

"I guess we can be friendly," he conceded, "after all, in another space and another time, we're all the same great oneness."

I nodded vehemently and left.



Front Row: Daniel Kheel, John-Martin Aronian, Ethan Klemperer, Adam Shah, Eugene Kamiyama, Jeremy Reifer, Richard Gore, Rajesh Padole, Mrs. Moody. Back Row: Simon Reeves, Andrew Chang, Kevin Porterfield, Jesse Cole, Nicolas Rubinstein, Matthew Fogg, Peter Winston, David Prtilas.



Front Row: Ms. Sandy Kaplan, Daniel Garodnick, Jeremy Cohen, Douglas Kaden, Matthew Elvy, Jeffrey Kahn, Harry Lefrk, Marc Guerette. Back Row: Mitchell Gould, Peter Tothy, Matthew Nelson, Chris Saxe, David Scott, Wadie Said, Gregory Fox, Jeremy Gordon. Absent: Graeme Marshall

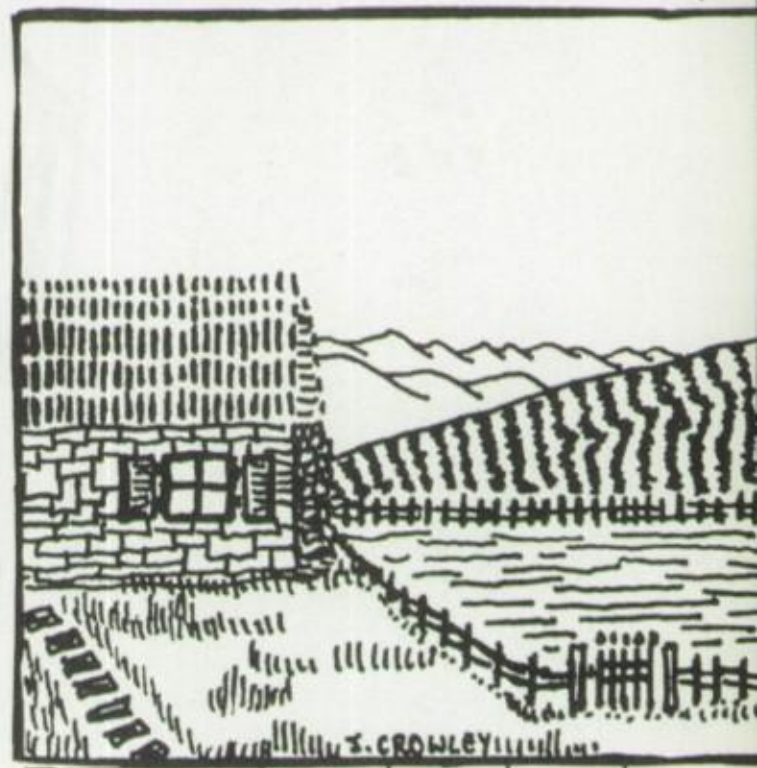


Top Row: Nick Cain, Jonathon Ave, Andy Blacker, Frederico Cribiore, Carl Grenquist, Mitchell Kraus, L Joseph Rivas, Robby Gutman. Bottom Row: David Hesslein, Mark Sladden, Marco Vitelli, David Hill, David Portny, Mark Pateman, Greg Lyons, Bradley Marx, Ms. Reilly.

GRADE FOUR

For the most part, what a student learns in fourth grade and retains for years and years afterward is not academic. Years after the scholarly pursuits of that year have fallen into irreversible rigor mortis, the fourth grader worth his Trinity blazer patch will remember the really important things. In fourth grade, your education suddenly becomes rich and varied—you become one of Trinity's Renaissance men, a true compendium of culture. You learn things like "Necessity is the mother of invention" and how to keep a poker face in seven-card stud. You learn that homework is not just a passing

phase but a lifelong reality. You begin to understand the true meaning of boredom. You learn never, ever, ever to say "Shut up, fathead" to your teacher, or even to a student if the teacher is nearby. But most importantly of all, you find out, usually sometime in October, that you are, at last, KING of the Lower School. A sensible fourth grader should have a year that will drive his parents, teachers, and surrounding authority figures absolutely crazy, but that doesn't matter. For one year, these kids are on top, and woe to anyone who forgets it.



Front Row: Branden Durham, Chris D'Annibale, Lokke Highstein, Sam Shaffer, Cyrus Pirasteh, Matthew Nespole, Douglas Eisenberg, Eric Gordon. Back Row: Andy Roth, Pedro Rodriguez, Peter Levin, Michael McCartney, Liam Moriarty, Konrad Tree, Chris Ferro, Daniel Scheidt.



Front Row: Robert Kraus, Michael Atkinson, Vajesh Durbal, Alan Weinstein, Zachary Green, Alex Barnett, Chris Huff, Alan Mizuki. Back Row: Claudio Santoro, Jason Kuperman, Ken Suslow, Mark Badner, Joaquin Perez, John Giusio, Michael Allen, Chris Maggos, Alex Davidson, Mrs. Roberts.



Front Row: Matthew Smith, Danny Trencher, Tom Weiser, Hunt Killough, Brad Parker, Jamie Koz, Andy Cohen, Jacob Forman. Back Row: Anthony Keene, Jason Miller, Peter Worth, Ethan Smith, Lars Grava, Christof Laputta, Brian Cunningham, Craig Varsa, George Murray.

LOWER MIDDLE SCHOOL

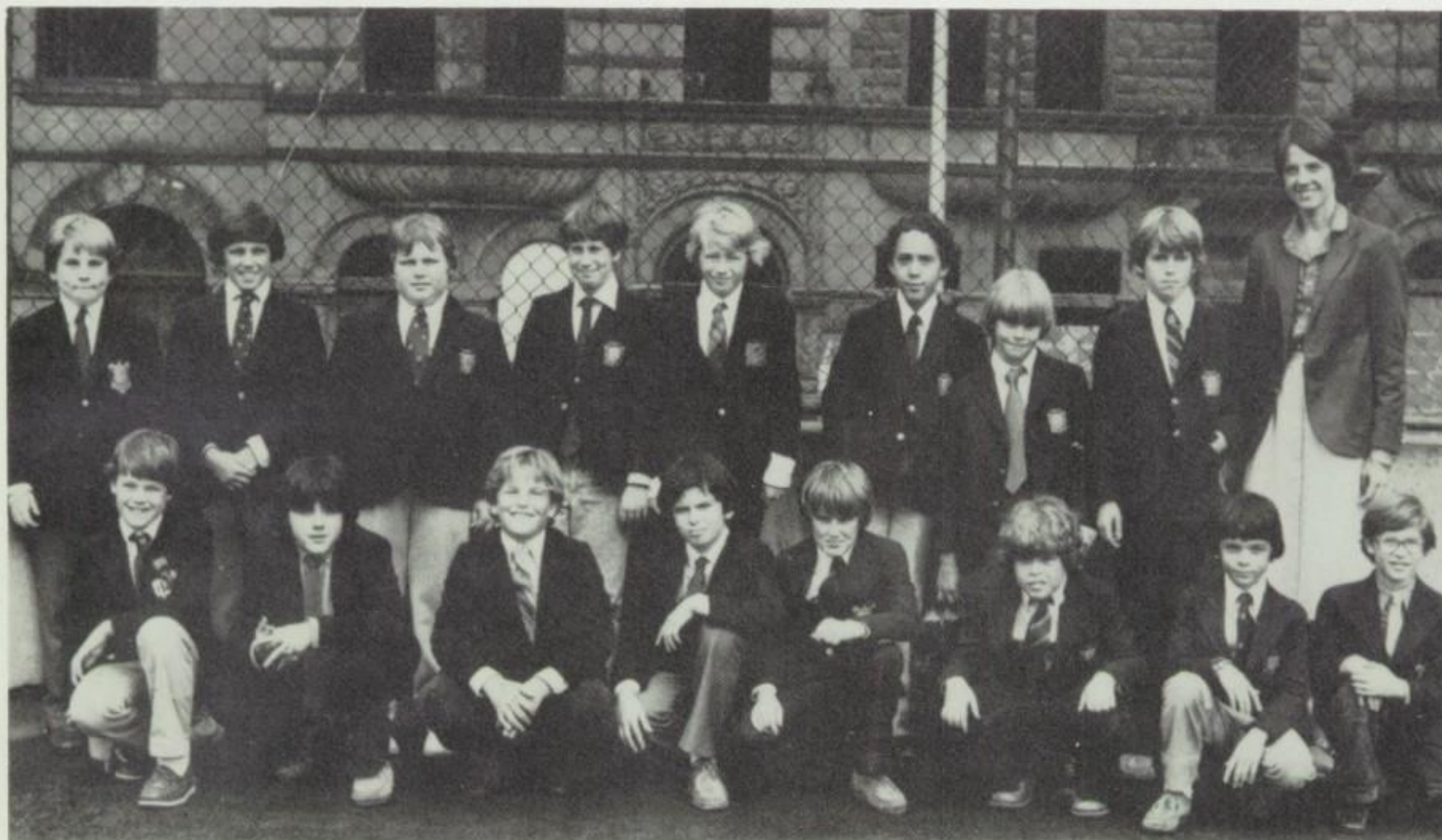


GRADE FIVE

Pity the poor fifth grader, for after a year filled with the joy and jubilation at reaching the pinnacle of success in the lower school, he is now faced with the degradation of being a member of the lower half of the lower half of the middle school. Yet despite the woeful lack of prestige, do these hardy, war-torn soldiers of the Trinity combat force complain about the mountains of work, the strict teachers, and this cruel twist that fate has

inflicted upon them? No, indeed, for theirs is a band of full-hearted, hard, and enthusiastic pioneers who look to their future accomplishments and present situation with nothing less than calm, intellectual and precise logic. They read Albert Camus, Thoreau, and Kafka, and discover the true source of the loneliness and sudden alienation which they must be feeling. One said, "How can I be concerned about my current situation

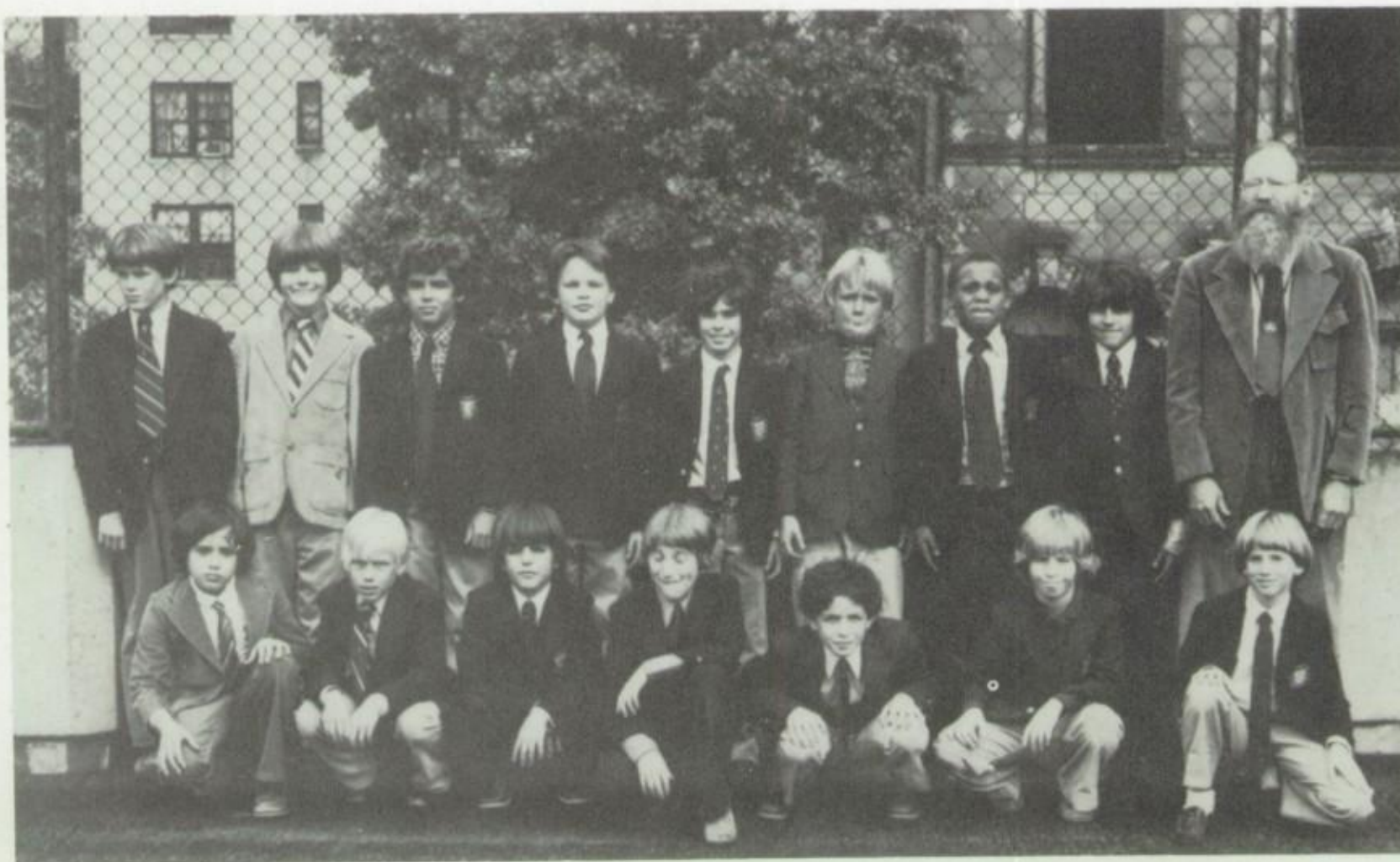
when a glorious future lies before me?" Another said that this essay was hopeless since "it is undoubtedly futile to attempt to characterize any diverse student body as bored or lonely. Mundane explanations of our collective psyche can surely serve no constructive purpose." And if you believe that, as Mr. Hanly says, I have some swampland in Florida to sell you.



Front Row: Christopher Beech, Alexander Gomez, Christopher Nelson, Andrew Quintero, Christopher Mendelson, Adam Berinsky, Mark Sadowsky, Ethan Fran. Back Row: Andrew Barrett-Weiss, Matthew Fogelson, A.J. Brass, Eric Abbott, Guy Smit, Jorge Alvarez, Bill Sweeney, Daniel Horch, Ms. Park. Abs. Myles McDonnel.



Second row (standing): Webster Robinson, David Kirshenbaum, Alexander Monsky, Stefan D'Annibale, Sascha Brodsky, Clyde Conway, Marco Robert, Mr. Robert Stewart. First row (kneeling): Sean Selfe, Matthew Ahrens, David Valente, Nicholas Seaver, Jarret Posner, John Werner, Jonathan Soros, Jason Rappoport.

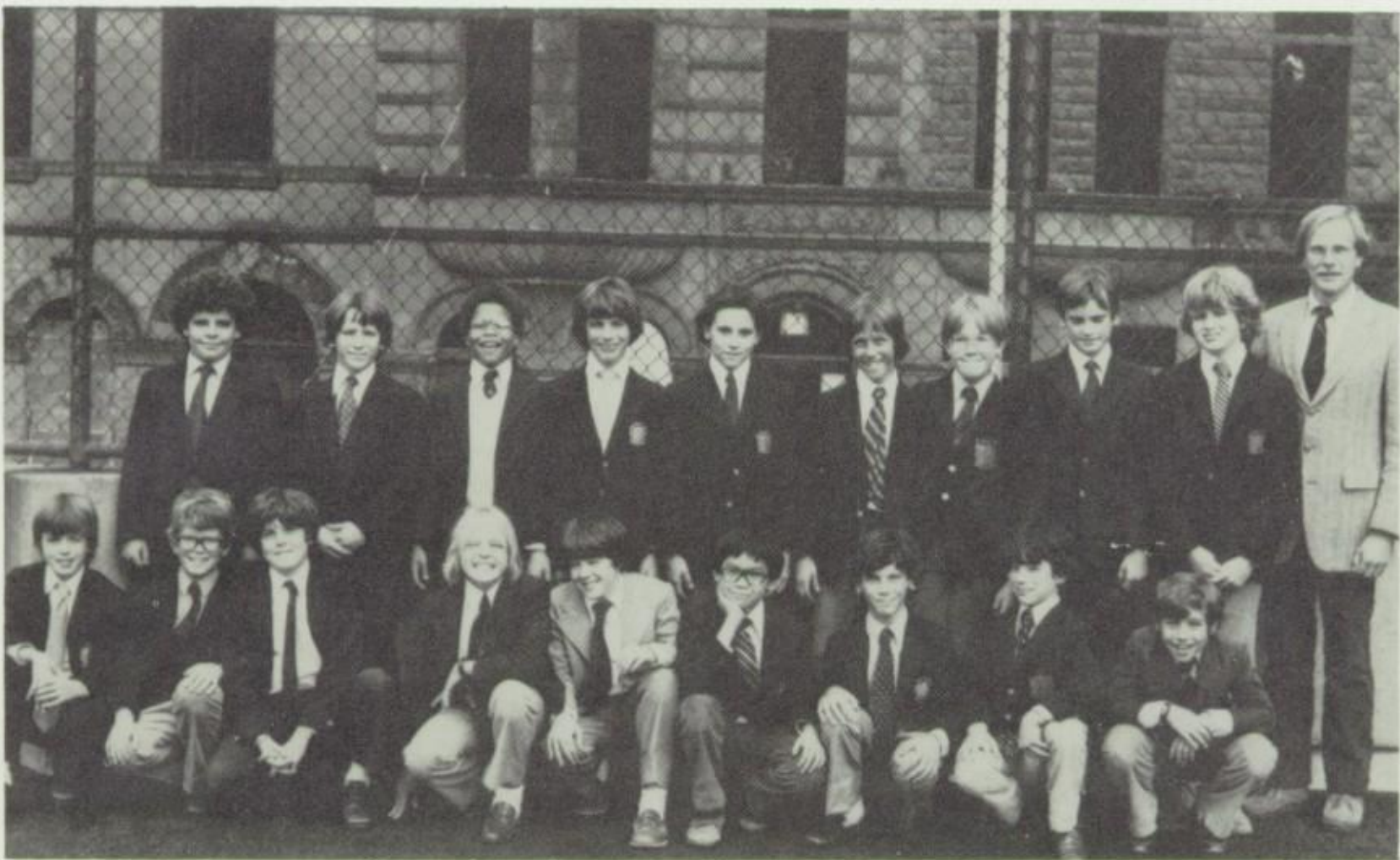


Back row: Matthew Tirschwell, Andrew Moriarty, John Bretl, Steven Van Solkema, Gregg Smith, Patrick Jackson, Andre Crump, Darius Raji, Mr. Turner. Front row: Alexander Llinas, Brooks Hundley, Chris Scianni, Steven Loewenthal, Thomas Berson, Robert Thompson, Jon Rosenwasser.

GRADE SIX

Sixth grade is notable mainly for the reason that students stop ending pieces of creative writing with "and then I woke up and it was all a dream". This is, of course, an important development in itself, but also is indicative of something larger, a better understanding of one's school and one's world. It is no longer of absolute necessity for these young men to watch Scooby-Doo catch wrongdoers each Saturday morning; some of them may already be fair-

ly heavily into "60 Minutes". It is also a time at which silly, elite clubs reach their peak and begin their downfall simultaneously, as the kids begin to comprehend that their classmates actually have feelings of their own. A concept of morality forms at this time on which is based their cherished maturity. Unbeknownst to them, however, maturity has no place where they're heading . . . let's hope they see the errors of their ways.



Back Row: Steven Suslow, David Solazzo, Robert K. Bryant, Steven Fox, Kevin Kannenberg, John Fried, Malcolm Johnston, Joe Shaffer, David Bridge. Front Row: Owen Kennerly, Russell Christopher, Nicholas Last, Jeffrey Keene, David Bennett, Eric Hsu, Michael Weiner, James Kleinbaum, Christopher Nickerson.

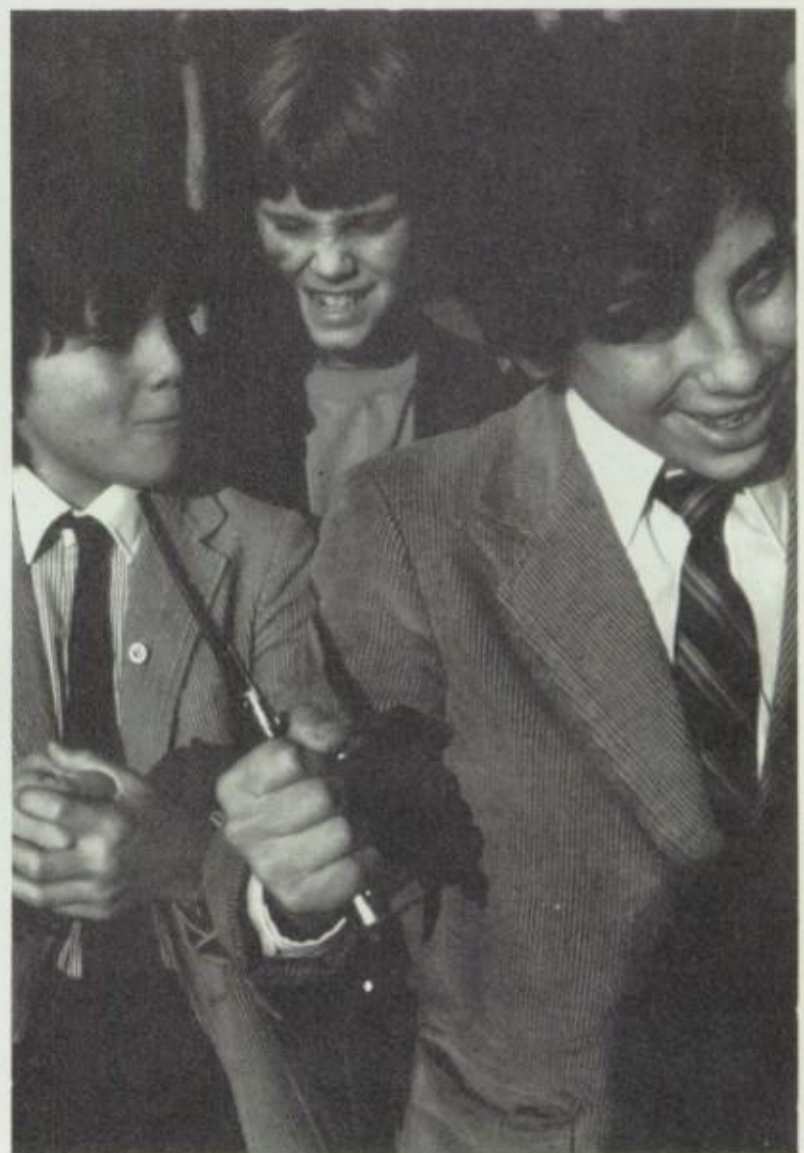
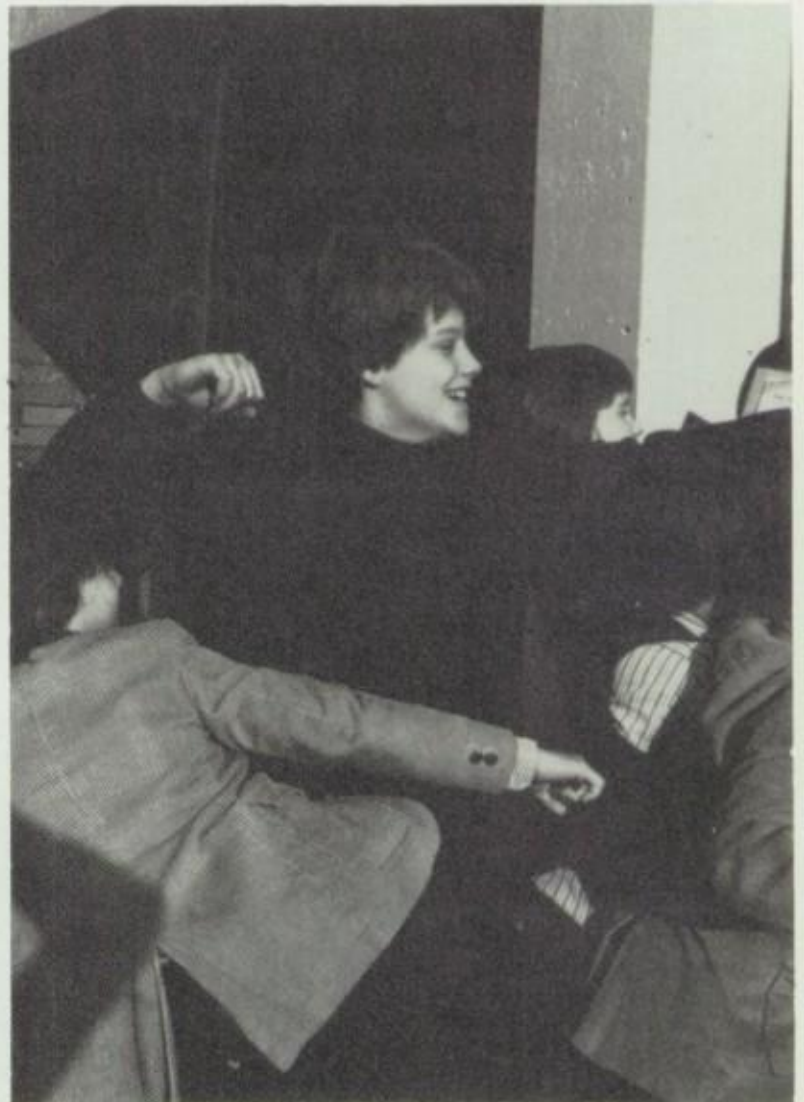


Front Row: Andrew Ehinger, Rubin Thompson, Rahime Bell, Michael Schwartz, Luis Fernandez, Raghu Madumbai, Adam Lynn, Kevin Geneiser. Back Row: Mitchell Kaye, Jason Rubell, Nathen Guerette, Peter Rodriguez, Ian Chambers, Eric Schoenfield, Bruce McAmis, David Smith. Absent: Chris Cheshul, Benjamin Lee.



Top Row: Seth Greenberg, Brendan Dooley, Nicky Last, Matthew Healey, Justin Hochberg, Todd Young, Jeremy Goodridge, Sam Sokolow, Geoffrey Bronner. Bottom Row: Michael Klieman, Kirk Varijan, Alexander Feliz, Matthew Gellert, Leslie Fishman, Marcelo Canato, Michael Schron, Scott Smith.

UPPER MIDDLE SCHOOL



GRADE SEVEN

Where is seventh grade? It is rumored to be found somewhere in the vast, netherworld between Trinity's two separate continents. We have in our minds two distinct conceptions of our school: that of a lower body and an upper. The differences between them stand out at every turn; one an old, distinguished rather traditional boys' school which overwhelms in the history and atmosphere of its majestic buildings, the other a coeducational, modern high school replete with multi-colored lockers, fluorescent lighting, and the constant throbbing hum of noise and change. The two sides rarely meet, and if they have anything in common, it is the seventh grade. Yes,



they are all boys, and they wear blue blazers with school crests on the pockets, and they all call each other by their last names. But, fleetingly as quicksilver, they do flash through the Hawley Wing's halls, mingling with the older and, hopefully, wiser students. They take courses from teachers that they will know for the next six years and they begin to take on identities that make them more than just faces. They let no one be fooled into thinking they are Middle Schoolers, or indeed Middle Anything. In a state of transition, the seventh graders look towards the future with only great expectations, and none of the anxiety which they will too soon learn.

Front row: Arturo Gruenebaum, Stephen Davidson, Michael Cole, Forrest Bell, James Ash, Harry Adelson. Back row: Robert Goldman, Stephen Jenkins, Marcel Bonnewit, Anthony Vale, Stephen Richards, Christian Amestoy, Dwayne Davis, Michael Turner, Mr. Iredell.



First row: Mr. Iredell, David Pincus, Keith Eng. Michael Benedek, Eric Dobi. Second row: Joseph Dunlap, Alex Dean, Jonathan Katz, Daniel Diaz. Third row: David Capato, Chris Bridge, John Munzer, James Harwood. Fourth row: Hugh Marlowe, Thomas Newman, Lucas Stone, Robert Tirschwell.



First row: Jimmy Lebenthal, Glenn Goldman, Nick Edmunds. Second row: Mrs. Mallison, Bennet Zelner, Paul Willen, Bruce Elvin, Josh Smith, Peter Nowakowski, Carlos Soca. Third row: Chris Aronson, Andrew Harris, James Bernet, Neilson Abeel, Drew Hundley, David Kamin.



Front row: Ted Colgate, Mark Huggins, Perry Bridger, Jan Calamita, Richard Roland, David Belgrave, Brendan Baker, Frank Petito. Back row: Willie Fahey, Matt Jacobs, Edward Grady, Ronald Freeman, Nick Raymond, Tsuetan Bachuaroff.



GRADE EIGHT

Eighth Grade. Those two words conjure up so many emotions in the hearts and minds of everyone at Trinity. For the high schoolers, there is a swell of fond nostalgia, a longing if somewhat false remembrance of those good old days, when "no one had any *real* problems", or "things were so simple", or "everybody was so young". For the lower schoolers, there is a profound degree of awe and respect for the gentlemen (?) who have finally reached the pinnacle of success and esteem in elementary school. When kindergarteners are

asked about the eighth graders, you hear things like: "they know everything" or "they're tall—like grownups". For the teachers, there is a mixture of respect and skepticism as they view the educational and intellectual advances made, personalities formed and sharpened and general havoc wrought by this unique group. For those who know them personally, there is nothing but bottomless, agonized terror. When we asked a senior girl who had occasion to be in contact with these boys only a short time ago what she thought of the eighth

grade, she dissolved into a quivering mass of incoherent jelly. And for the eighth graders themselves, they are Trinity's greatest, finest achievement, nothing more and nothing less. So, in view of this group of determined, energetic individuals who plow through Trinity's corridors leaving only a moderate amount of disaster in their wake, choose your own interpretation. Eighth grade is what you make it, and the class of 1985 is making it memorable.



Front Row: Mono Schwarz, Andrew Jacobs, Wilfredo Silva, Scott Schechter, Danny Ellen. Back row: Mr. Weisberg, Stephen Longmire, John Napack, David Lange, Aaron Buchwalter, Adam Ross, Craig Robin, Kevin Roberts, John Greiner.



Look at that lie

Front Row: Robert McDermott, Gary Negbaur, Anthony Deckoff, James Berson, Anthony Dinoff, Peter Smith, Jeffrey Timmermans. Back row: Rick Sherman, Ian Levy, George Contos, David Wasser, Robert Genieser, Robert Abrams, James Langworthy, Joshua Karlin.



Front Row: Mark Mandel, Cory Wolfe, Stephen Kraus, Philip Ragonetti, Mark Bennett, Christopher Lisanti, Robert Rosenstein. Back row: Bill Sanders, Neil Fishman, Douglas Marx, Jonathan Kanterman, Douglas Polley, Bennet Feitell, Chris Trencher.

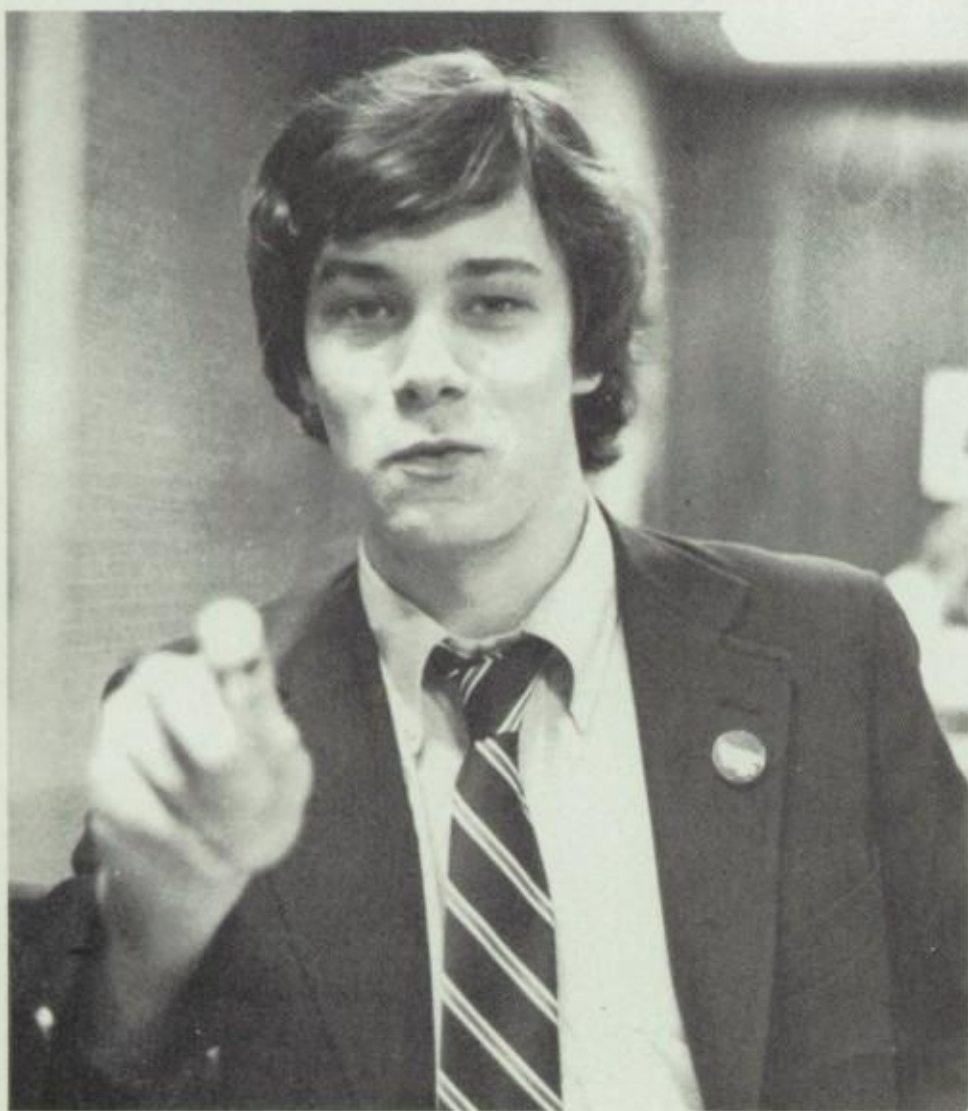


Front Row: William Jarema, John Rodgers, Scott Coppersmith, Robert Felvinci, Elliott Young, Douglas Hocking, John Milgrim. Back row: Joshua Stoller, Robert Rafford, Reed Diamond, Carlos Jacott, Lawrence Beneson, Charles Robinson, Mr. Weisberg.



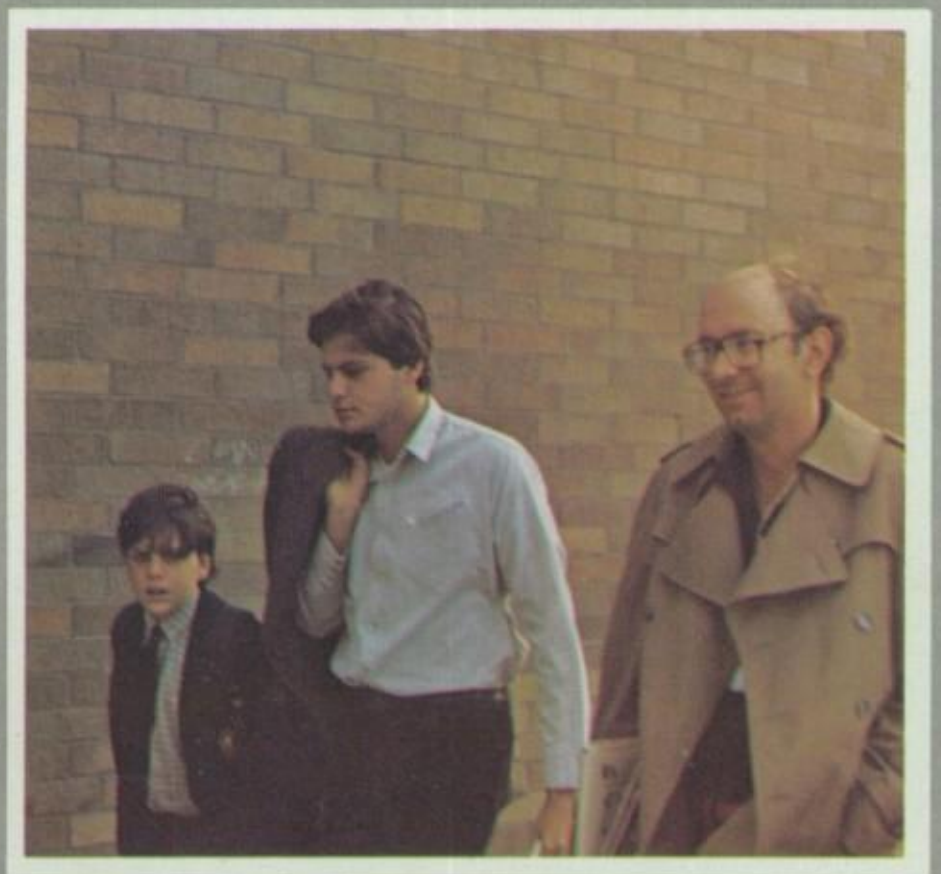
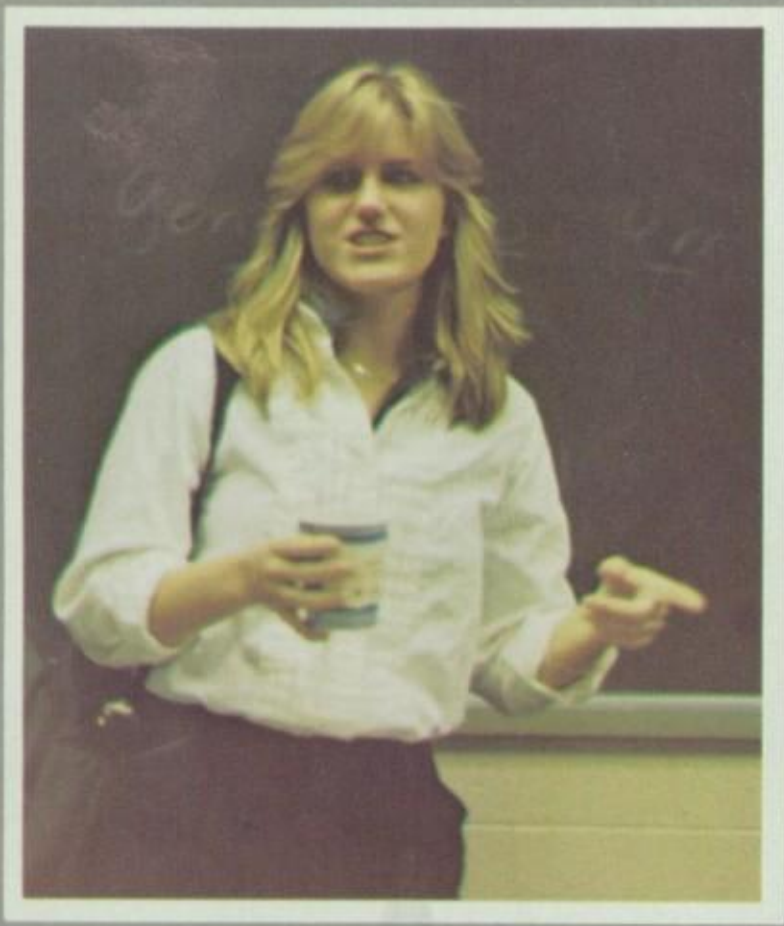
UPPER SCHOOL





Ronnie Reagan Wants You!







GRADE NINE

Yet another Freshman class has gathered (numbering 102 this time around), and one must, as always, wonder about the destiny of this group. Who knows what four years might bring? Whatever, this spirited class is ready. All in all, ninth grade is not so horrible; we don't find high school too awesome. Girls, Greek, and Latin III are really all that's new.

(This is tougher than I thought—300 words on the ninth grade in one night. Maybe I should have stuck to three words per person, with two left out. Be chatty—that's what the editor told you. This doesn't read like *The Talk of the Town*. One thing's for sure—I'm not going to be a writer for the *New Yorker* when I grow up.)

High schoolers or not, the "Frosh," as they were once

called, are living ordinary lives. Work, so far at least, has presented no problems too great; getting to school by 8:30 seems more difficult. The dress code is also feared and hated with a passion. Gossip has scandalized the grade, perhaps, but no more than one might expect from a group newly gone coed. In this day and age peoples' innermost secrets being publicly advertised between classes aren't really all that shocking.

That's almost 300 words, and I still haven't told about ninth grade *or* done a descent *New Yorker* imitation. At any rate, I've said all the things usually written about freshmen in the yearbook; (I checked right back to 1962). I'd like to be different, but inspiration for originality isn't likely to strike at 10:30 Thursday night, so I might as

well just give up.

"Stringer's Feed Mill, at the edge of town, has a bankruptcy notice on its closed front door—one of many indications of how badly the small farmers of the Ozarks are faring after a summer of punishing drought."

—The New Yorker

I tried.

—D.R.



First Row: Daniel Oscar, Cedric Bramble, Nicholas Grumbach, Damon Mintzer. Second Row: Andrew Dubin, Daniel David, Carolyn Hart, Jenny Hirsch, Katherine Dimich. Third Row:

Mr. Weisberg, Alex Last, David O'Conner, James Drosnes, Mark Troemel, Fraser Musmand, Matthew Kaplan, David Wallman. Absentees: Diana Rickard.

First Row: Kira Eng, Adrienne Zicklin, David Wallis, Freddy Joseph. Second Row: Gordon Caplan, Robert Vogliano, Craig Varjian. Third Row: Anna Li, Alex Wright, Michael Shure, Harry DeMott, Brian Cazeneuve, Andrew Weissman, Sarah Caguiat.



First Row: Jenny Lison, Amy Friedman, Chris Hart-Zafra, Neal Berson. Second Row: Lara Hopfl, Pat McEnroe, Philip Cavalier. Third Row: Andrew Bernstein, Alexandra Stonehill, Martin Rambusch, Robert Dunn. Absentees: Frederika Kesten, Mark Sorre.



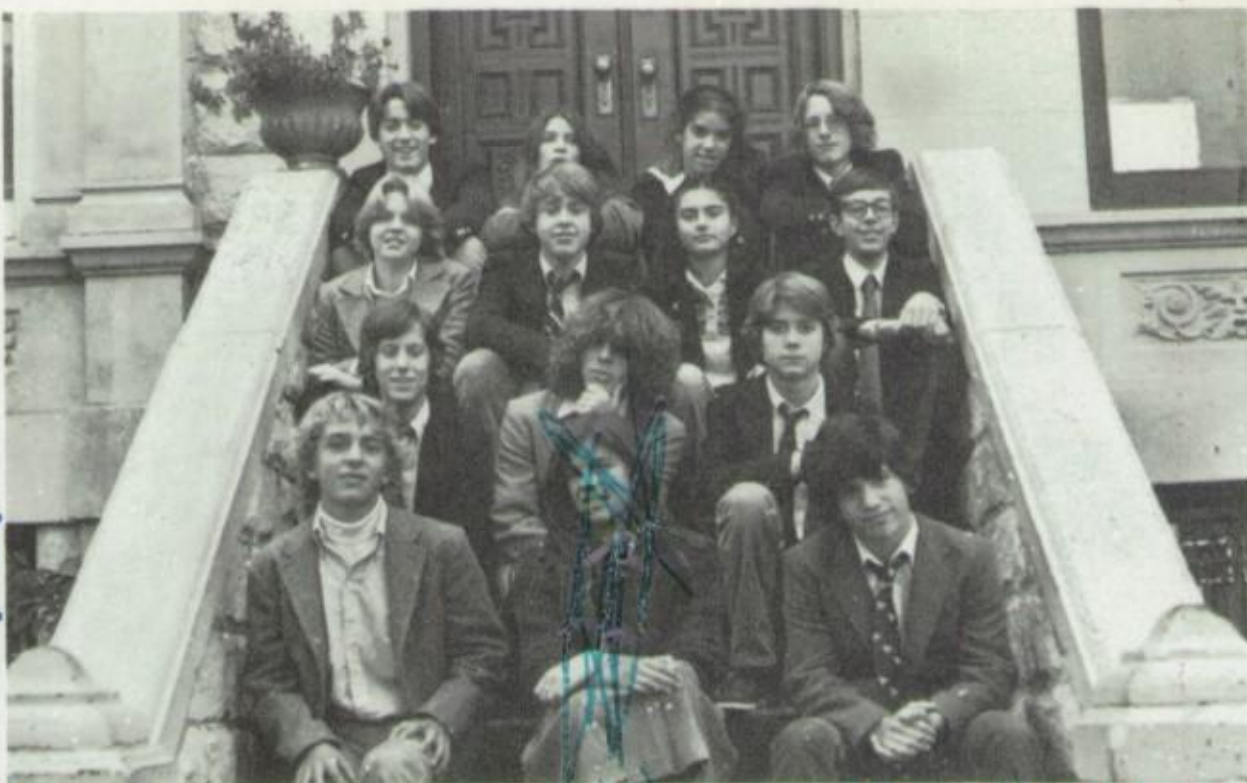
Dear Vicky,
For the little while you were on the track team we had fun running together, Adri, me, and you. (we were the worst ones) You were smart to quit. Maybe we'll be in the same french class next year also. Have a nice summer - Jane Hopfl

First Row: John Maull, Valerie Parkas, Neal Katz. Second Row: Andrea Michaelides, Michele Aldin, Lisa Friedman, Emily Bear. Third Row: Mike Feigin, Chris Becker, Frank Tenerelli, Robert Carris, Charles Psota, Tildy LaFarge.



First Row: Dylan Roberts, Kate Schapiro, David Zabel. Second Row: Guy Maxtone-Graham, Mark McCabe, Eric Baum. Third Row: Kathryn Scarola, Michael Petschek, Mary Bachvaroff, David Martin. Fourth Row: Michael Solomon, Alicia Glen, Claudia Rowe, Tim Moore. Absent: John Gill.

*Oh wow -
It's Jenny again
Now I'm back.
Here's a poem
Be fair
Have red hair
I see a bear
over there.
OK? Have a good
summer
love*



Rachel says this girl should get a bid

First Row: Mark Adams, Peter Felsenfeld, David Zonana. Second Row: Victoria Shestack, Steve Diamond, Colin Smith, Kelben Holbrook. Third Row: Elizabeth Steinberg, Edward Scott, Kent Smith, William Fogg. Fourth Row: Karen Granath, Peter Traykovski, David Newton, Katie Longstreth.

*he! he!
H2! H2!*



First Row: Greg Selig, Galen Joseph, Jan Rauch, Joseph Henriquez, Keith Call. Second Row: Louis Clarke, Julia Mulkiwicz, Julie Blumberg, Michael Gibbs, Derek Irby. Third Row: George Tsimis, Lisa Hancock, Eric Rambusch.

CA



GRADE TEN



The tenth grade. Big deal. When I was in the first grade, tenth grade seemed like a big deal. In the fifth grade being in the tenth grade seemed like the top of the world. Even in the ninth grade ten seemed special. Now I'm in the tenth grade—and it's no big deal. Tenth grade is like purgatory—you're stuck in the middle, not starting out as a freshman, but not finishing like a senior—and the end isn't in sight because you're not a junior. You're a sophomore, a member, as Jason Greller put it, of "the most disregarded unit of Trinity." The trauma of getting into college is yet to come, but it's not as far off as it was when you were a freshman. Because you're not a senior, you can't make any claim to wisdom or experience, but then you're not a freshman, so you can't make any claim to innocence either. The school is only mildly interested in you because they don't have to worry about getting you into college just yet, but they don't have to get you adapted to the new system either. This year's tenth grade has a pretty uniform idea of itself and its day-to-day life, most feeling that everything is just routine

and dull. They agree that the pressure is greater and the work harder but they know they've got no choice but to adapt and swim with the current, without having much feeling about it. Most just shrug their shoulders and say "It's all right, I guess," and then change the subject to something interesting like the latest, juiciest gossip—who's doing what to whom, who said what to whom and other fascinating information. Oh, it gets pretty tedious; this morning I was disgusted to find that I was completely bored with the prospect of going through another day with no surprises in sight except maybe a grade or two. Ask around sometime and you'll know what I mean.

But of course there are two aspects to tenth grade life, and if academics are dull, then social activity isn't much better. One astute sophomore said "The freshman don't respect you, and the juniors and seniors are indiffer-

ent to you." Another outspoken tenth grader, a ten-year veteran, said, "There's not much mixing; the guys more or less stay with the other guys and the girls stay with the other girls." Now, that's pretty pathetic. That makes something sacred, like the prospect of Friday on Monday, dull or at best disappointing.

I wondered whether the tenth grade's monotony was just a unique symptom of our grade or if everyone who had passed through this "disregarded unit of Trinity" felt this way. When I asked some eleventh graders what they thought, or rather *had* thought, of the tenth grade, it seemed like most had tried to forget it (not difficult to do if there's nothing much to remember). One girl said, "I don't know. Okay I guess. I mean I did all right, but it was pretty boring." Another said, "It wasn't much. Kinda dull, you know?" I know. Oh, do I know!

—T.L.





First Row: Greg Adler, Leon Yasay, David Harris, Kate Webster, David Rubinger, Sarah Bayliss, Leslie Harris, Igor Popov. Second Row: Ms. France, Adam Ifshin, John Kekalos, Tom Esty, Michael Luisi, Tim Prince, Adam Popper. Absent: Meredith Brothers.



First Row: Richard Peaslee, Robert Hanning, Ms. France, Michele Gueron, Wendy Perrin. Second Row: Harry Culver, Geoffrey Whelan, Andrea Pincus, Billy Mahler, Jimmy Freeman. Third Row: James Lochart, John Ulin, Jon Reff. Absent: Susan Crane, Sally McGarrahan, Eric Rosencrantz



First Row: Jacob Segal, Chris Berry. Second Row: Jason Greller, Sasha Cocron, Frank Schimel, Diane Goldberg. Third Row: Debby Kaplan, Rachel Laird, Felicia Young, Liz Manis. Fourth Row: Gordon Trachtenberg, Stefan Harshian, Mark Sheridan, Matt Boyer.

First Row: Scott Adler, David Mirtz, Alison Miller, Sarah Killough, Lila Perelson, Liz Saltzman, Karen Glazier, Christine Segalas, Dorothy Novick, Andrea Pi-Sunyer. Second Row: Tom Ashley, Peter Prutting, Mitchell Stolack, John Caquist, Marc Mehl, Joe Silva, Jon Greengrass, Jim Chanin, Master Hanly



First Row: Susanne Greene, Vera Young, Mr. Hull, Nicky White, Kathy Schwartz. Standing: Nick Bruel, Scott Familant, Ezra Paul, Robert Degiarde, Harlan Joseph, Anthony Fauci, Billy Hatch, Mone Walton, Craig Kallman, Seshadri Mudumbai, Jill Jonas, Kate Peterson.

First Row: Doug Hsieh, Eric Del Sesto, Jeff Oestericher, Janna Kipness, Jordan Hamony, Josh Greenberg. Second Row: John Gooby, Jesse Ferro, Sally Davis, Jennifer Newton, Tom Leighton, Steven Schecter. Absent: Jean Marie Ermolino, Cathy Bass



GRADE ELEVEN

Returning from the summer to discover Madame Cournand balloonlessly ensconsed in her Madison Avenue pad, the eleventh grade recovered from the hoax and turned to face its big year. Trodding on the new carpet, whose creation required the slaughter of countless white mice, we contemplated not only the arrival of a second Harris to accompany our three Friedmans and various sets of twins, but also the big eleven, the junior year, a time to discover "*les causes et les effets*" of *Candide*, the psychological murmurings of Dr. Smith and the fact that we still can't sit in the soft seats in the Chapel.

But beyond the pros and cons of Calvin Klein cords, the Friday nights, and who got the one on the test, juniors must look beyond their preoccupation with personal problems to confront the future. It is a year when we must finally get serious, an

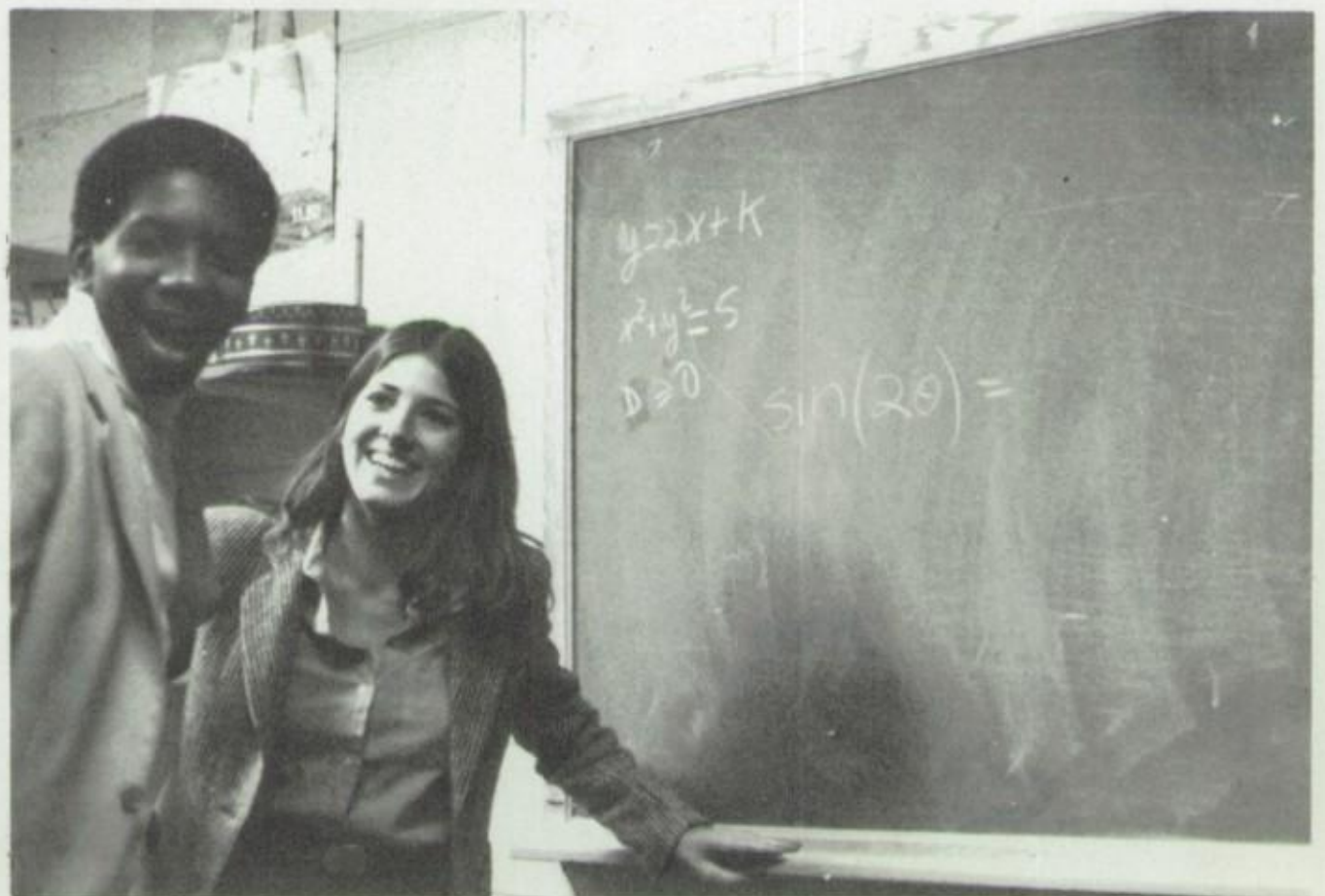


uneasy transition between the irritating confines of high school and the supposed liberation of college and "the real world"; a year when we must get used to the old lady in the elevator asking us what places we're "thinking of"; a year when even Andy is handing in his papers on time. No matter how many times Ms. France assails its ridiculousness, PSATNMSQTETSSATAP comes to dominate our spring, bringing a mind-numbing succession of imperfectly blackened

ovals and the little yellow stickers with a picture of a seal used to "seal" your AP booklets (who says they have no humor in Princeton?).

There is no doubt, however, that our grade will meet this challenge with the brilliance it has brought to all others. Following the lead of the seniors, we have made ourselves felt in sports, music, drama, art, literature and any other field one cares to mention, creating a living defiance to those who carp about the school's lack of spirit. Though people complain that our grade is not unified, we are unified in our impact upon every facet of the school, with not one person sitting on the sidelines. We are a grade of participation and irreverence whose contributions and self-confidence will resound through the Hawley Wing long after we're gone.

—L.C.



First Row: Ms. France, Beth Friedman, Liz Kelly, Lucia Reardon, Mary Ellen Erlings, Sophie Hawkins. Second Row: Sumir Kapur, Jonathan Crowley, Sarah Keener, Tony LaBruna, Rodney Choice, Jared Tausig, Mike Schiff. Absentees: Alec Levy.



First Row: Carol Earle, Tina Thompson, Jane Oppenheimer, Anne Kaplan, Laura Martin. Second Row: Liz Davis, Laurie Castro, Mr. McMurray. Third Row: Steve Ellis, John Richards, Andrew Thomas, Lars Fuchs, Alex Miral. Absentees: Nicole Angel, Katie Locke.



First Row: Mrs. Mallison, Joan Feinberg, Lisa Auslander, Amy Merims. Second Row: David Bloom, Valerie Rosenwaser, Isable Kaplan, Robert Powell. Third Row: Adam Bond, Elly Gearhart, Maury Solomon. Fourth Row: David Thomas, Emily DeCoster, Jennifer Pasanen, Don Mason.



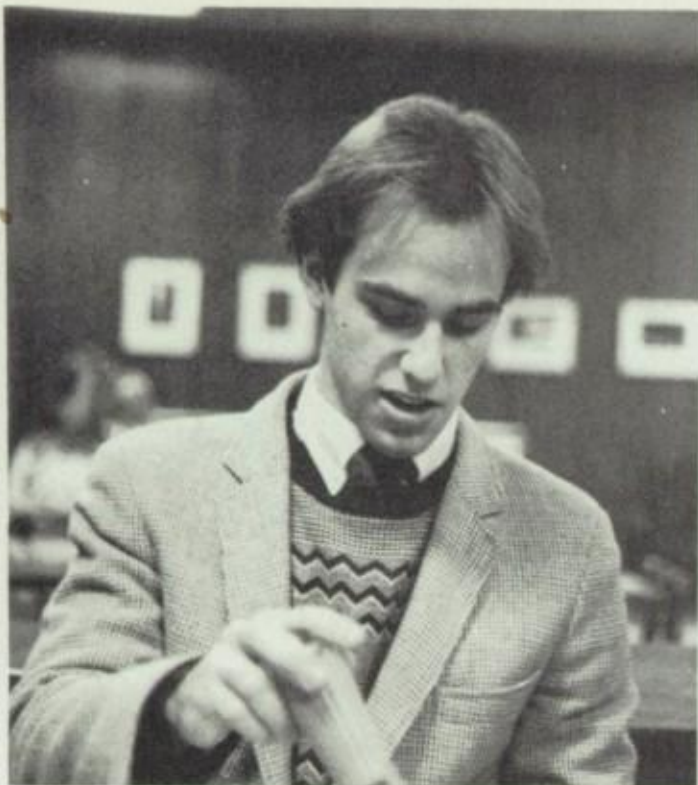


First Row: Kenny Koeppel, Nina Trokel, Cathleen Joyce, Francesca Basilico. Second Row: Nick Kambolis, Ms. France, Julien Minenberg. Third Row: Liz Lawrence, Jacqueline Forest, Jennifer Hulsmit. Fourth Row: Lisa Buxbaum, Patrick Crowley, Matthew Schwartz, Anthony Davis. Fifth Row: Jimmy Harris, Noah Southall, Caesar Garrido.

Sitting: Kathy Corney, Warren Etheridge, Nancy Deutsch, Mary LeBlanc, Peter Granath, Barri Gordon. Standing: Mrs. Mallison, Brooke Fletcher, Josh Dolinsky, Chris Degenhardt, Paul Bacanovic, Bailey Freund, James Marcus, Waymon Reed. Absent: Diana Rosencantz.



First Row: Mr. Hull. Second Row: Stephanie Friedman, Virginia Tougas, Paul Silverman, Vanessa Schwartz. Third Row: Doug McNair, Andy Rosen, Jessica Peaslee, Claudia Orenstein. Fourth Row: Mark Gollin, Mark Weintraub, Toby Gittes, Jonathon Friedman. Fifth Row: Andrew Lockhart, Matthew Siena, Leo Charney, Gardiner Harris, Tony Stearns.



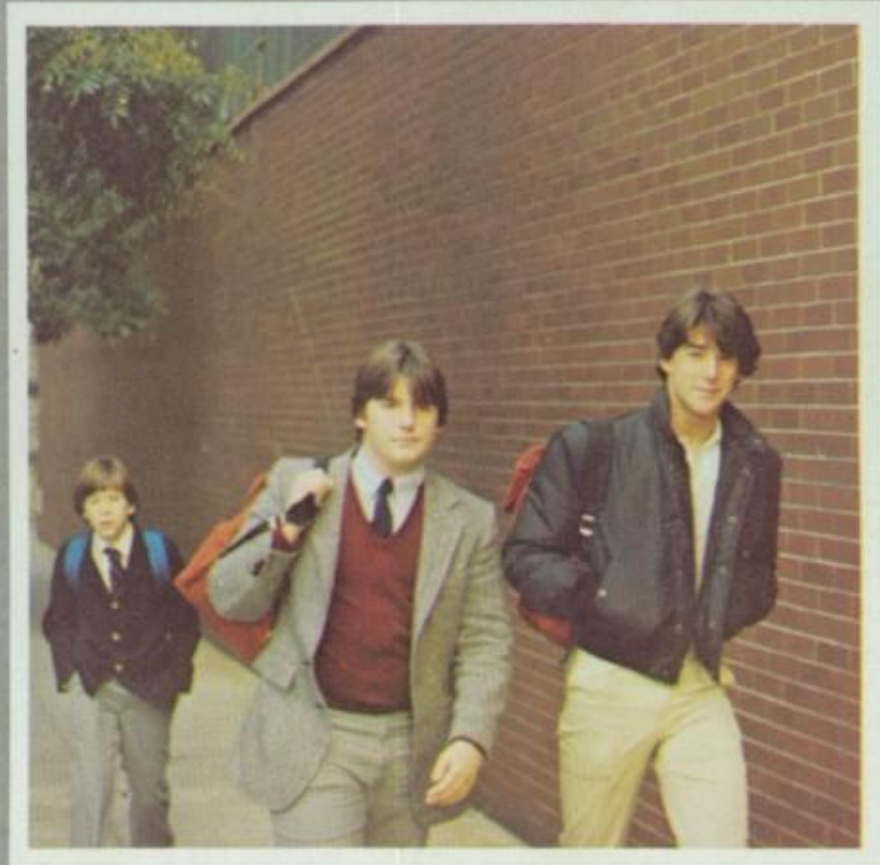
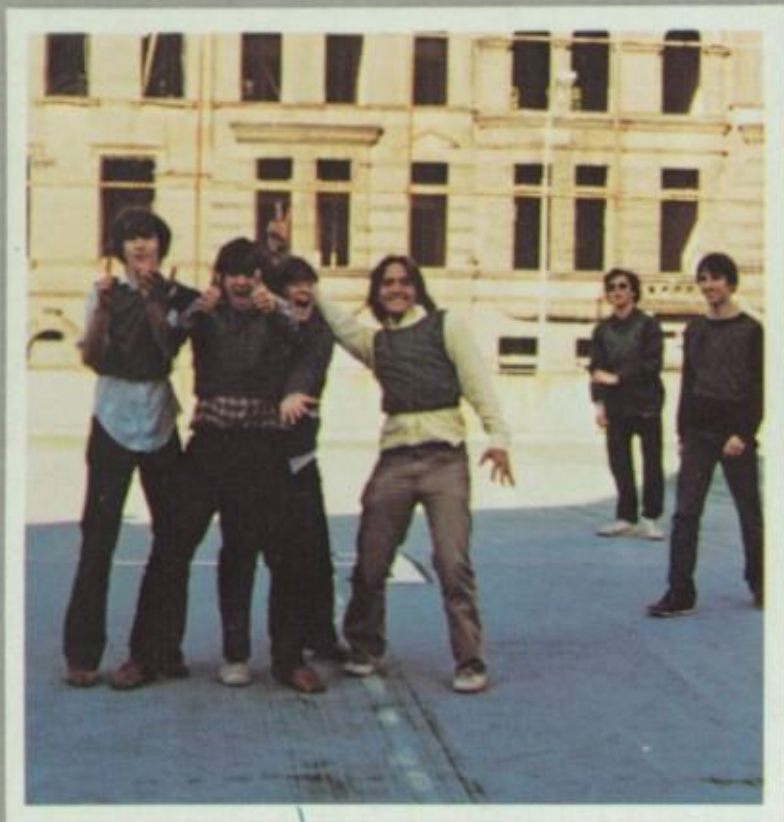
If my Calvins could talk . . .



Kick higher Hogi-Rockette tryouts are tomorrow.



Class of '82?



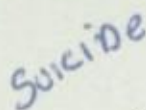
Hi - you're so cute!





Re: David 'Big' Newton

P.S. This entire scene below is
DRUG RELATED.



Dead

Jump through the hoop

high

Discussion

• Foole

Hey, Howzabout
a message ATRIS

Feels
so
good!

EAT SHIT!
COMMIE
BASTARDS!

Poster

Dime
AAG

CAB

- Do you think we could get the Soy for

Wush.

let's toss
the baby!

Pickling Students

Pusher

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{HA}^+ \\ \text{HA}^- \end{array}$$

TOWN MEETING



Oscar and Andrew battle the forces of evil.



SAFE ENERGY GROUP



We are an affinity of concerned students working toward a future of safe energy. We are researching and learning about the many different energy options that are available, especially those that are renewable. Our main concern is the present threat to the ecology of the Earth. This overwhelming threat is posed by the continued large scale use of nuclear power, oil, and coal. The solution is the development of less hazardous, safer, and more renewable resources such as solar, wind, and geothermal power. The group hopes, most of all, to educate the student body at Trinity about the issue of safe energy.

Back Row: David Mirtz, Lila Perelson, Vanessa Schwartz, Ginger Tougas, Jon Reff, Billy Mahler, Laura Martin. Front Row: Richard Peaslee, Dana Liebert, Eric Rosencrantz, Jessica Peaslee, Kathy Schwartz.

DEBATE SOCIETY

This year the Debate Society has greatly increased in popularity—it has doubled in the number of participants. The quality of Trinity's Rebuttal, cross-examination, public speaking and heated argument have all been factors that have led the team to constant victory. Trinity, a school based on the principle of a strong mind and body, finds this ideal practiced in the competitive intellectual sport of debating, and luckily for us, finds it well practiced to debate successfully.



First row: Paul Silverstein, Jim Chanin, Vanessa Schwartz, Jeff Weiner, Dirk Johnson, Liz Arno, Lisa Graham. Second row: Roger Leviton, Jacob Segal, Didi Besas, Chris Hunt, Jason Greller, Bill Hatch, Clarkson Hine, John Chanin, David Bloom. Abs. Kyra Reppen.

S.V.S.O.



Kneeling: Susan Crane, Billy Mahler, Jessica Peaslee, Michael Turnbull, Standing: Jill Jonas, Brian Cazeneure, Eric Baum, Billy Hatch, Nancy Ulrich, Beth Friedman, Jenny Pasenen, Graig Callman, Phil Walsh, Reverend Heischman, Matt Horovitz, Patrick Crowley, Tina Thompson, Liz Saltzman, Barbara Shenton, Betsy Crane, Jon Reff, Greg Adler, Jennifer Newton. Absent—Lisbet Engberg.

SENATE



Back Row: Lisa Friedman, Tony LaBruna, Paul Bacanovic, Liz Lawrence, Matt Horovitz, Rick Philips, Jed Spingarn. Front Row: Eric Rosencrantz, Dana Liebert, Andy Dubin, Dylan Roberts, Jim Chanin.

MODEL U.N.



Sitting: Nancy Deutch, Lisbet Engberg, Liz Laurence, Susan Crane, Kenny Koeppel. Standing: Jon Friedman, Liz Arno, Ellen McGarrahan, Victoria Weseley, Nancy Ulrich, Nadia Levinson, Ginger Tougas, Lisa Graham, Kyra Reppen. Standing: Leo Charney, Gardiner Harris, Matt Plotkin, John Chanin, Todd Black, Clarkson Hine, Roger Levison, Bill Brayer, Kaz Macabe, Matt Sienna, Jennifer Pasanen, Amy Merims, Dirk Johnson, Andy Moses, Jim Chanin.

What does one remember about the 1980 Model U.N.? Dr. Smith and Mr. Herland no doubt recall the hours they spent on line at the Park Plaza, trying to get us rooms, the hotel management seeming to have overlooked that one small necessity. They did not, at least, overlook their duties as paramilitary hallway patrol guards, shepherd-ing everyone into their rooms by midnight, breaking into parties and confiscating liquor, ordering the wearing of bright yellow identification badges at all times, and

other amusing Third Reich techniques.

Once we left our rooms, if we were lucky enough to have one of those rare rooms with even two beds for four people, the committee meetings introduced us, at least, to the thrills of parliamentary procedure, enduring the seventh speech of the Ethiopian delegate in favor of Kurdish autonomy, or some equally burning issue. It was easy to drone on and on, even as two of the more enterprising

delegates tried to enliven the festivities by having each British delegate in each committee announce his country's declaration of war against Russia.

Perhaps the hardest question to answer is how all this managed to be so much fun. The answer is people, meeting new ones and enjoying old ones. Through Harvard and parties and ten minutes' sleep, people remained the one reality of the Model U.N.

—L.C.

ETHNIC EATING



Sitting: Bridget Leroy, Phoebe Hawkins, Cynthia Carris, Robert Meltzer, Albert LaFarge, Chris Hunt, Standing: Jennifer Vickers, Kathy Vance, Gordon Trachtenberg, Michael Shure, Mark Fenster, Miles Esty, Tina Thompson, Matt Horovitz, Dirk Ziff, Nina Trokel, Amanda Green, Suki Frisch, Jane Oppenheimer, Sophie Hawkins, Eric Kogan, Jon Gates, Betsy Crane, Jenni Herman.

TRINITY TIMES



Standing: Adam Stock (Editor-in-chief), Rick Philips (News Editor), Ellen McGarahan (Editorial Page Editor), Dr. Richard Blumenthal (Faculty Advisor), Mark Harris (Feature Page Editor). Kneeling: Jeff Weiner (Sports Editor), Tod Black (Business Manager), Jed Spingarn (Managing Editor).

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE



First Row: Leo Charney, Barbi Shenton, Liz Arno, Ginger Tougas, Chris Altschuler, Second Row: Simon Fill, Jean Marie Ermelino, Eric Rosencrantz, Jon Crowley, Mark Ettinger, Didi Besas, Jeff Weiner, Jenni Herman.

America the Beautiful

"Myself, myself, oh but what a beautiful fellow I am"
and so on LA DEE DA

Art is the sole alternative, except our commonality
Revel in all, touch all defile nothing.

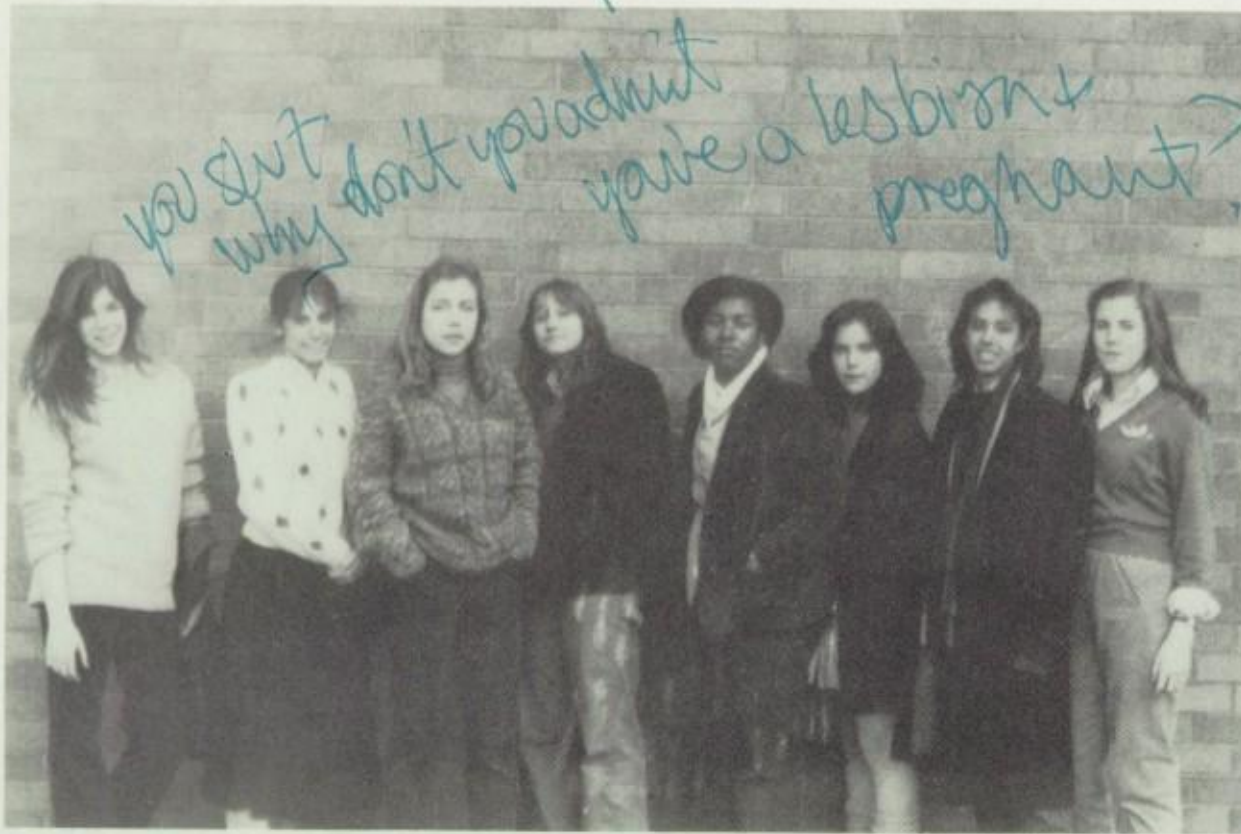
Touch with the word

the word is a sweet alternative to not-the-word:
when you read this you will use the word
sheer poetry, like proud men pleading in the street
or jumping off a grassy cliff,
mugging meaning from blind intention
while the time for questions and answers ticks away
"How can I be answerable?
my true desire is to do things right . . . "

What do you expect, the Lim Bits or the beautiful,
mere commentary or the real thing?

"life" admonished the weathered youth,
phrasing and rephrasing for no one in particular.
These tears mirror losing fears,
dropping like useless drips from limp leaves:
Yet softly, sweetly, doth the light still rise
from everyone and their works
And in distant rooms, America rolls on in
word and deed.

THE BEBOP BAND *OF SLEAZES*



Kate Schapiro, Stephanie Friedman, Kate Lanier, Kathy Bass, Bea Hussett, Bridget Reilly, Amanda Green, Susan Crane, Mone Walton, Christine Mesch.

Either she wakes up early and drags herself through Trinity doors at 8 am three times a week, or she gets a threatening phone call from the girl they call *MO* Saturday night telling her to forget her beauty rest and be up by 10:00 on a lazy Sunday morning, and be ready to sit around with the rest of the tortured girls and . . . SING! . . . Who are they? Sounds like fun, eh? Well they're the Bebops, that famed group of gorgeous and intellectual singing females, and they're back again with a new crew. Being a group of ten women, our intention is not to appear feminist but the fact is—guys just can't sing as well. We work in living-rooms, hallways, closets—anywhere there is a piano. We want to bring back songs of close harmony and swing, but basically we want to have fun.

WOMEN'S GROUP



Sitting: Amy Merims, Cynthia Carris, Phoebe Hawkins, Sarah Greenberg, Sophie Hawkins, Liz Arno, Suki Frisch, Standing: Jenni Herman, Barbi Shenton, Lenesa White, Vanessa Schwatz, (Mr. Hanly), Jennifer Vickers, June Aronson, Emily DeCoster, Nadia Levinson, Betsy Crane.

DANCE INK.



Sitting: Barbara Shenton, Claudia Rowe, Mary Ellen Erlings, Kate Lanier, Carol Earle.
Standing: Lisa Graham, Jephtha Tausig, Kate Longstreth, Suki Frish, Joanna Feinberg.

Every Friday, at three o'clock, the sounds of ten pairs of dancing feet echo in the chapel. Under the direction of Dan, the "Dancing Man", the Dance Inkers are stretched and twisted into the "correct" position. In the midst of choreographing new steps, Nina Hagen's voice blasts through the air. In its third year of existence, Dance Ink. is already headed in new, and more diverse directions. The final product has been seen in various performances, including the star-studded "Cabaret" show. And of course, the experience of working as a group and performing will broaden their horizons and keep them dancin'!!

CHORUS

*This has been really
giving me a career as Charlie Brown
I've been really
living my career as Charlie Brown
I spent three days getting kits
stuck in trees. I won't
be here next
year but
I wish
you
lots
of
luck
love
Claudia*



Michelle Gueron, Victoria Wesely, Liz Arno, Claudia Orenstein, Mary Ellen Erlings, Sally McGarrahan, Sarah Bayliss, Ginger Tougas, Bob Hirschorn, Kaz Makabe, Alex Kast, Gardiner Harris, Frederika Kesten, Wade Richards, Craig Popsicle, Andrea Pi-Sunyer, Andy Denson, J.M. Gibbs, Oscar Bleetstein, Alec Levy, Susan Crane, Martin Rambusch (Timber . . .), Betsy Crane, Mone Walton.

THEATRE



Bottom Row: Craig Pospicil, Alec Sokolow, Mark Ettinger, James Killough. Second Row: Amanda Green, Wade Richards, Doug McNaire. Top Row: Lisa Cshroeder, Kate Lanier, Amy Mintzer.

I have begun to perceive my life as art and every now and then, I look in the mirror and say, "Where's me?"

The theater is more than a smoke filled room to us. It is a trip back to the womb. The dark walls which surround us lend a sense of security. They give us a space to work and move and create and generally be our decadent little bunno selves. It is this along with the intense love we have for the room, the work, and most of all, each other that keeps us coming back for more. Gangbusters!

FRENCH CLUB



Front Row: Nicole Angel, Lisa Auslander, Eric Baum, Vanessa Schwartz, Lisa Graham, Liz Arno. Second Row: Mrs. Metayer, Nick Gleckman, Oscar Bleetstein, Mary Bachvaroff, Beth Freidman.

JAZZ ENSEMBLE



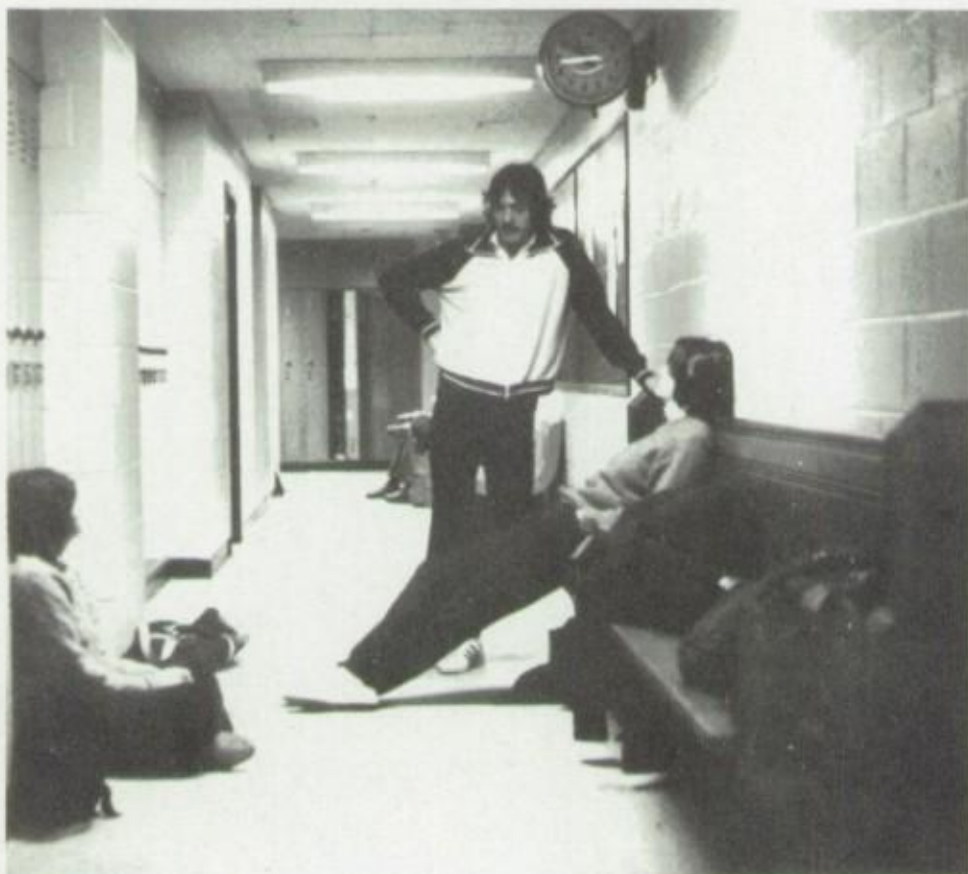
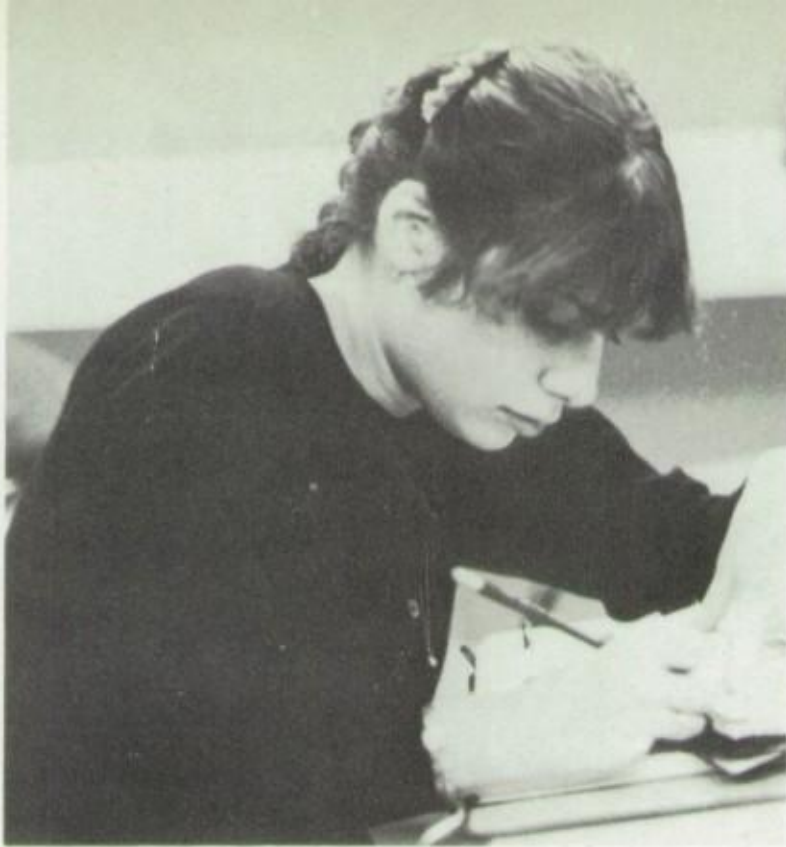
Simon Fill, Peter Felsenfeld, Mone Walton, Igor Popov, Ezra Paul, Doug Grob, Matt Schwartz, Eric Rosencrantz, Mark Ettinger.

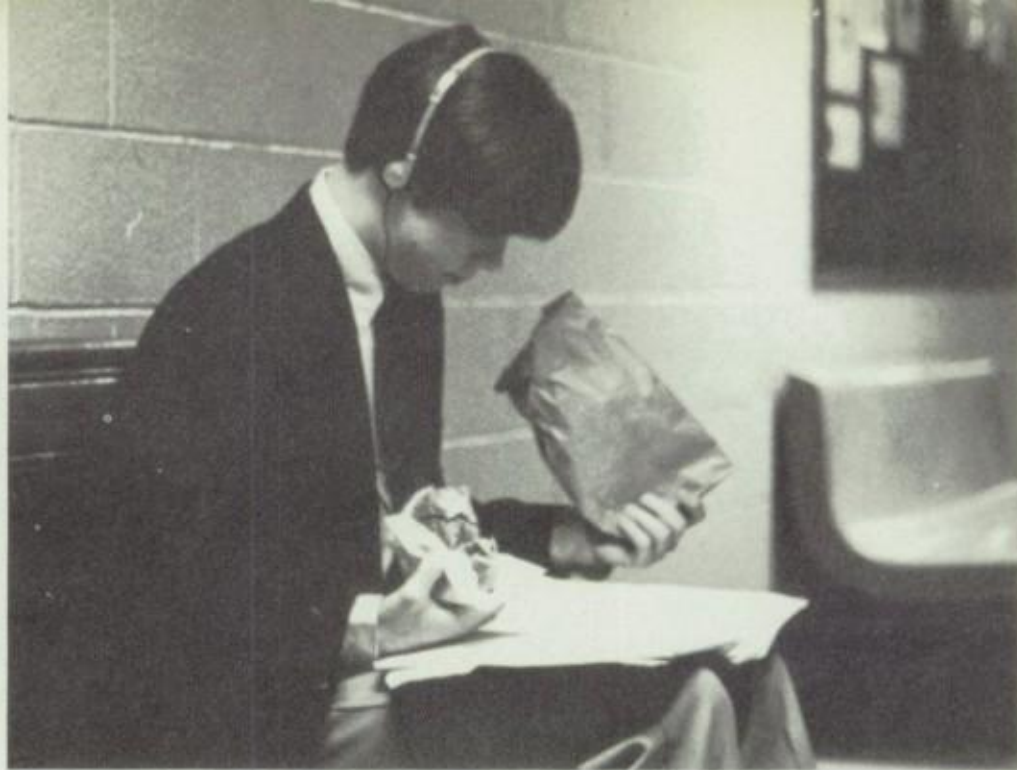
CHAMBER MUSIC



Sitting: Caroline, Nancy Ulrich, James Freeman, Igor Popov, Standing: Diane Goldberg, Peter Felsenfeld, Eric Rosencrantz, Matt Schwartz, Mark Ettinger, Standing: Dr. A. Bell, Doug Grob, Phil "the Hillman" Robbins, Albert Webster, Ezra Paul.







THE YEARBOOK STAFF

At long last, dear reader, you have the delightful privilege—nay, the honor—of reading about the very people by whose good graces, unflagging spirit, constant perseverance and great effort you now hold this triumphant tome in your hands. Yes, I'm talking about those fifteen ten nine eight few seniors affectionately known by young and old as the Editors of the 1981 Yearbook, also known as the people who edit the yearbook, the people by whom the yearbook is edited and the people the yearbook is edited by whom. First and foremost, there was the Editor-In-Chief (or rather, the Editorette-In-Chief, or the Editor-In-Chiefette, or perhaps even the Editorette-In-Chiefette): Lisbet Engberg. What a gal. Then there was Kyra Reppen—she was the Managing Editor, whatever that means. Actually, perhaps she was the Senior Editor, or the Senior Managing Editor, really, or the Associate Editor. In any event, she was *not* the Assistant Photography Editor, because we decided not to have one of those, but she worked on more facets of the yearbook

than anyone else, including—dare I say it?—the Big Boss. Now, Johanna Glover was the Layout Editor, and wrestled diligently with the layout, but other people also did layout, and she did more than just layout herself. So, although she was called the Layout editor, that wasn't exactly what she did. Mark Harris was the Copy Editor, but his job was much more important than that—in fact, he was responsible for every written word in the whole book, from cover to cover. Every single one. So he was more of an Articles editor, or a Words Editor, although he also did layout which, incidentally, everyone did but Jed. Now, Jed Spingarn was the Art Editor, and Kathy Vance was the Art Editor. You might say they were Co-Art Editors, although they really didn't Editor Co-Art, they Co-Edited Art. What is Co-Art anyway? Kathy did the section dividers, and Jed did a lot of miscellaneous doodling which can be seen throughout the book. Let's see now—who else? Oh, my God! How could I forget? Bill Brayer—the Photography Editor, the Back-

bone of the Book, the Guiding Flashbulb. I love ya, Bill, now get outta here. Bill was in charge of assigning and choosing *all* of the photographs, although he didn't take them all. You see . . . well, forget it. And, of course, David Lee. David *used* to be the Something Or Other Editor until that horrible day when . . . well, now he's the Head of Coordination Of . . . he has an important job. David, in addition to his other duties, did almost all of the *New Yorker*-style lettering in the book, which, believe it or not, takes real talent. Then there was David Bloom, not really an editor but the Business Manager—without him, there would be no yearbook. And Mr. Papas was our—zzzzzz—trustworthy, strong Faculty Advisor, with a guiding hand from Mr. Smith. Lastly, there were the multitudes of people who contributed in some way or other to the creation of this book, and who will be running the show next year. You can see them in the "STAFF" picture, as opposed to the "EDITORS" picture. There. I hope I have made everything clear. —Mark Harris

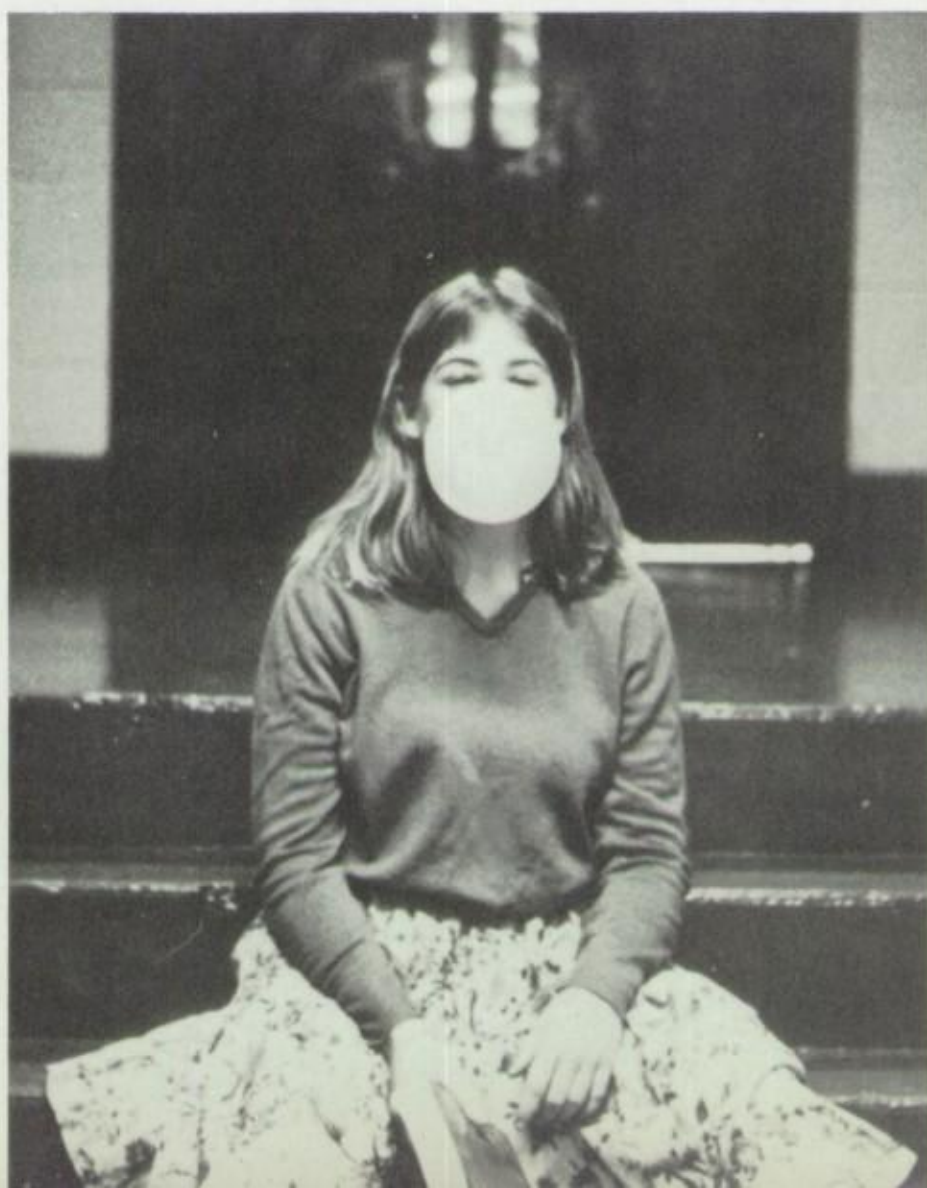
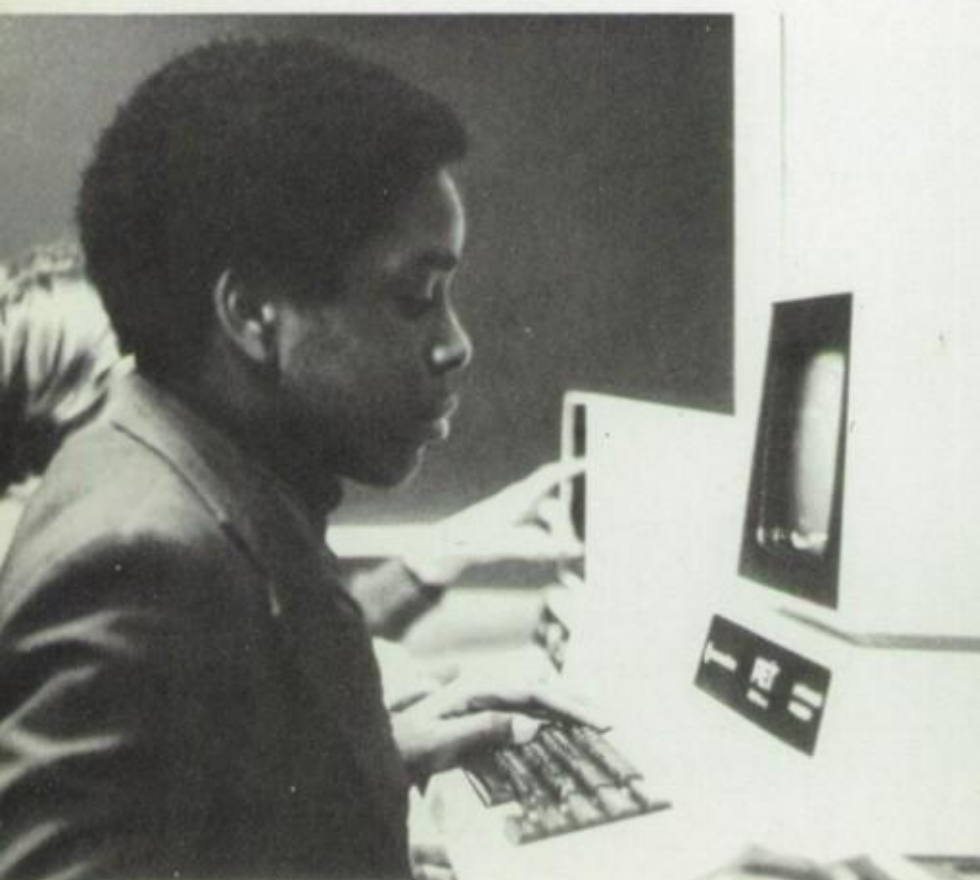
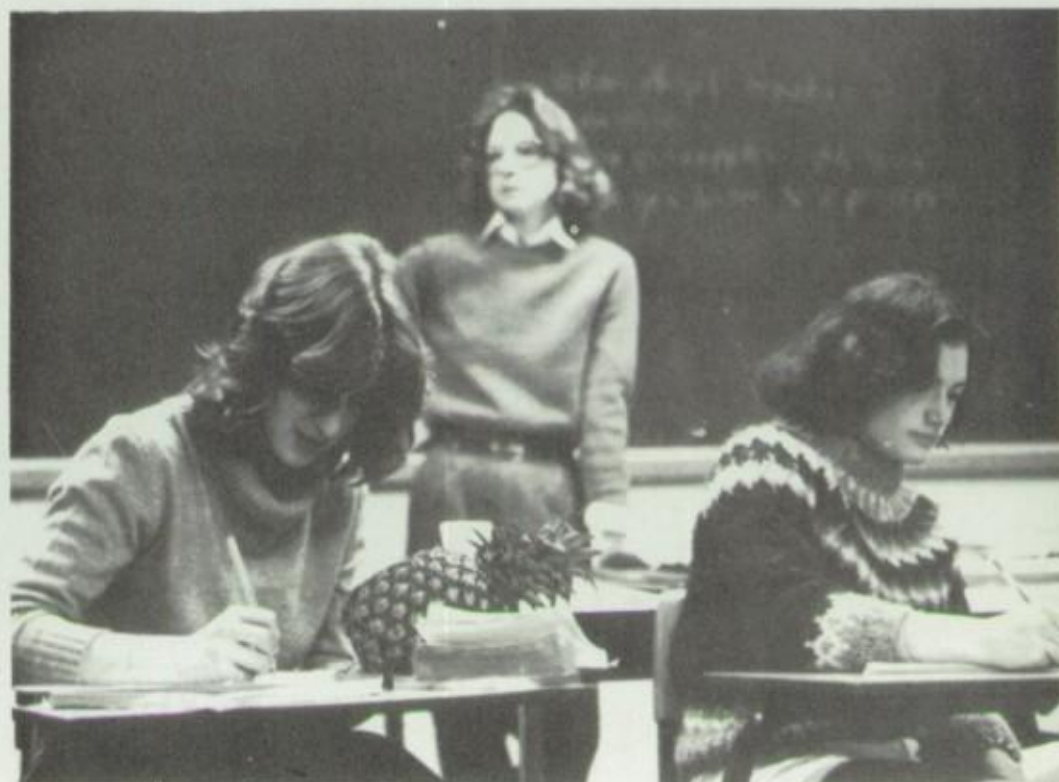
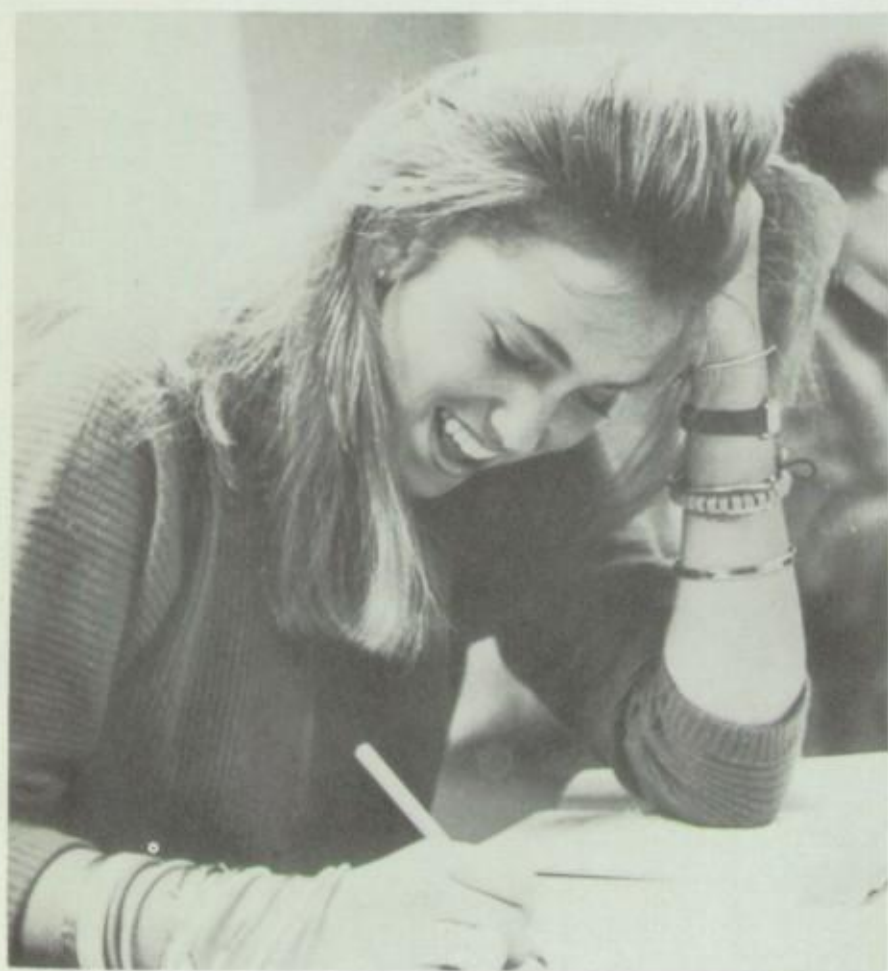


STAFF: Kneeling—Jane Oppenheimer, Paul Silverstein. Standing—Kenny Keoppel, Kaz Makabe, Julian Mininberg, James Marcus, Amy Merims, David Bloom Again, Liz Lawrence, Nancy Deutsch, Tony Stearns Again, Susan Crane. Absent: Karen Glazier, David Harris, Liz Manus.



Editor-in-Chief: Lisbet Engberg Business Editors: David Bloom
 Managing Editor: Kyra Reppen Tony Stearns
 Photography Editor: Bill Brayer Faculty Advisor: Mr. Pappas
 Layout Editor: Johanna Glover Business Advisor: Mr. Smith
 Copy Editor: Mark Harris
 Art Editors: Kathy Vance
 Jed Spingarn





This is page 8 of my continuing my message.
I think you are tre's amusing generally, and even all out wacko
sometimes. (cont'd p 54)



SENIORS



P R O F I L E S



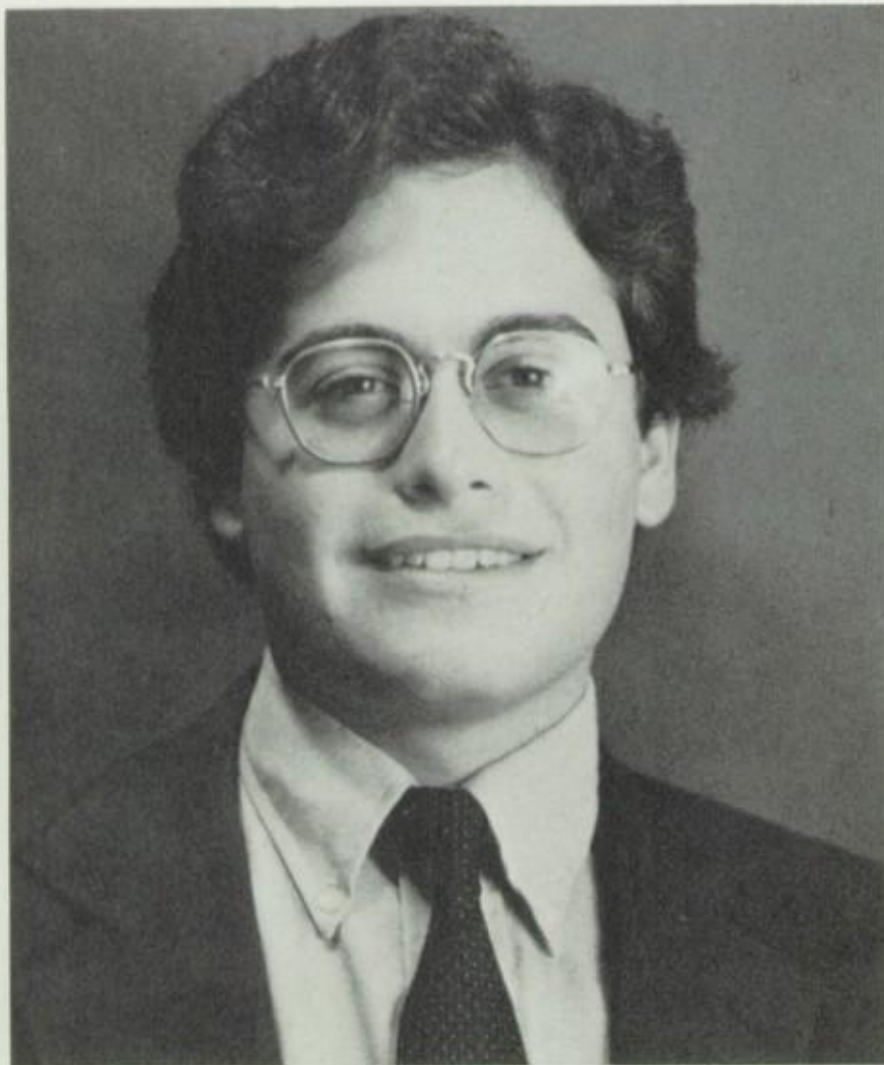
All senior classes are diverse—it's a common trait. Each class usually claims that its members comprise the 1) most varied 2) most talented and 3) most unique group of soldiers of fortune that the crannies and corridors of Trinity have ever witnessed. Yet perhaps, for us, this label of "differences" or "diversity" could not be more apt, for those words tell our story perfectly. They tell the story of ninth grade and coeducation when, for the most of us, the true era of Trinity and the adolescent agonies of high school that accompanied it began. They speak of ninety-one people who didn't even like or know each other four years ago and who still don't agree on a single thing, who will argue with equal intensity the debates "Is there a God?" and "What's that green stuff they're serving for lunch?" They call back to memory the dozens of class meetings to discuss and dispute the stillborn junior class trip, the senior prom and just about anything else where there was room for more than one opinion. They remind us of our talents as actors, athletes, authors, acrobats, artists and artisans, of

the ninety-one thousand activities that the ninety-one of us participate in with and against each other. They tell of our fights, and parties, and jokes, and tears, and of grades from a test put up on a blackboard or whispered in an ear, and above all of our many shortcomings and strides as scholars and as human beings, of our essence as *individuals*. They force upon us the realization that in September, we, as a unit, will be shattered and our shards scattered around the country, in groups of three, or four, or one, to seek our destinies as semi-adults, away from the womb, dipping our toes in the pool to test the water. We've spent a lot of time together, grown up, made friends; our emotions, though mixed, are too strong to have it all end this quickly, this arbitrarily, to be told how to live by a calendar. Good-bye? Good luck? These, perhaps are the only feelings with which we haven't had to deal extensively during the last few years.

We are making the transformation of our lives now, taking tentative yet wishful steps into the real world, undergoing an uneasy

metamorphosis from being the seniors, the Class of 1981 for whom 1981 has finally come, to being the freshmen in the spread-out, collective Class of 1985. Some of us have spent most of our lives in the halls and rooms of Trinity; some came just last year. Most hitched a ride on the rollercoaster somewhere in between. Now the halt, it's time to get off the big toy, queasy but exhilarated, and test our legs on solid earth to see if they work. As the future opens its doors and sucks us through, Trinity becomes a memory. What have we gained from this place? Some, surely, would say nothing; some would say a great education; some would say skepticism and disillusionment; some would say maturity. If there were any common ground on this point, maybe it would be this: we have gained each other. We now have friends that will last forever, memories that will pull us through the darkest of hours, contacts that will never be broken. We all had some rough times together; we had great times together too. That, above all, is and always will be ours to keep.

—M.E.H.



JOHN CHANIN

I want to be President
—George Bush

I want to be king,
I want to be Pope,
I want to be King of the Popes.
—Monty Python

I'm not advocating the use of weird chemicals, alcohol,
violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked
for me.

—Hunter Thompson

Who Dares Wins
—S.A.S. motto

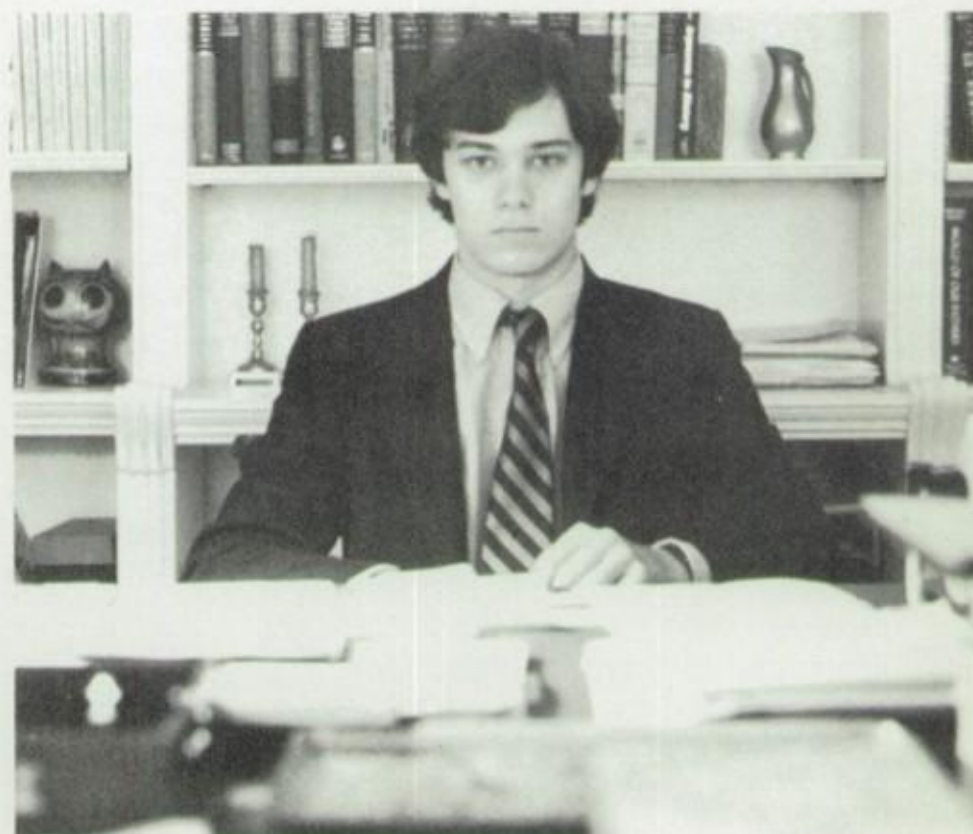


CLARKSON HINE

The business of America is business.
—Calvin Coolidge

The true test of maturity is not how old a person is,
but how he reacts to awakening in the midtown area
in his shorts.

—Woody Allen



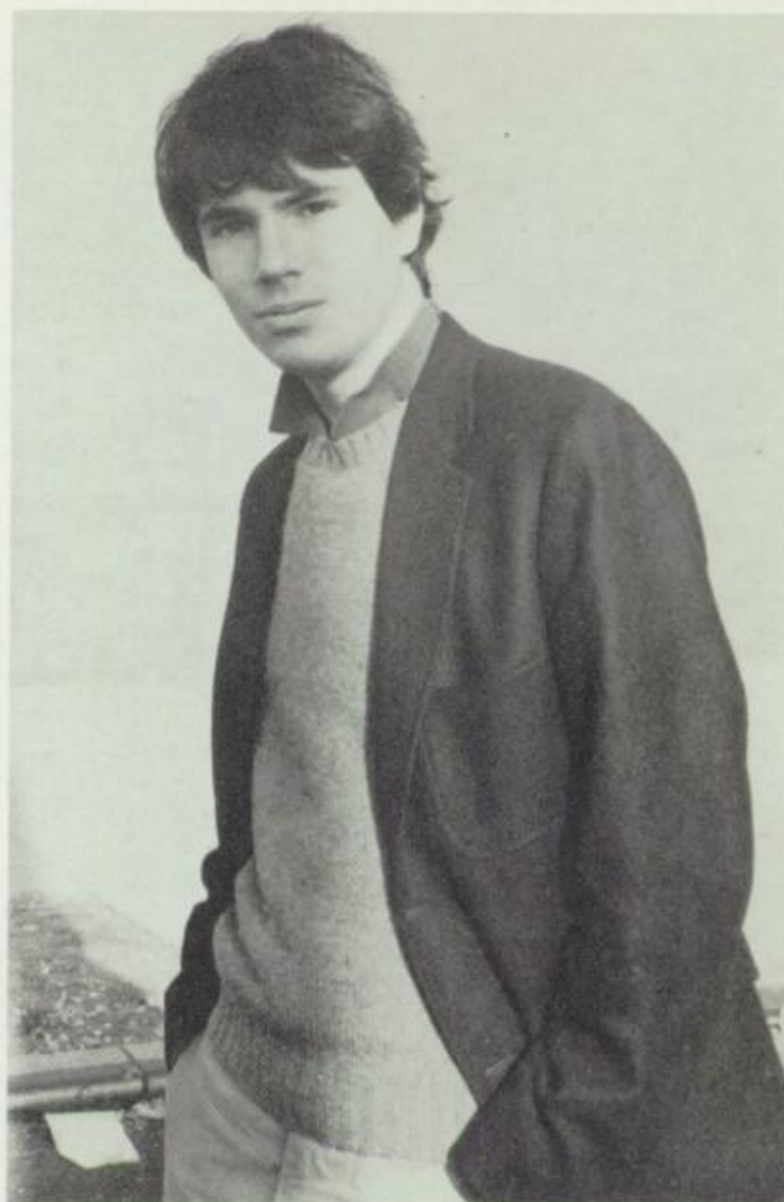
TOD BLACK

Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the 'phone?

—James Thurber

What's good for General Motors is good for America.

—Charles 'Engine' E. Wilson



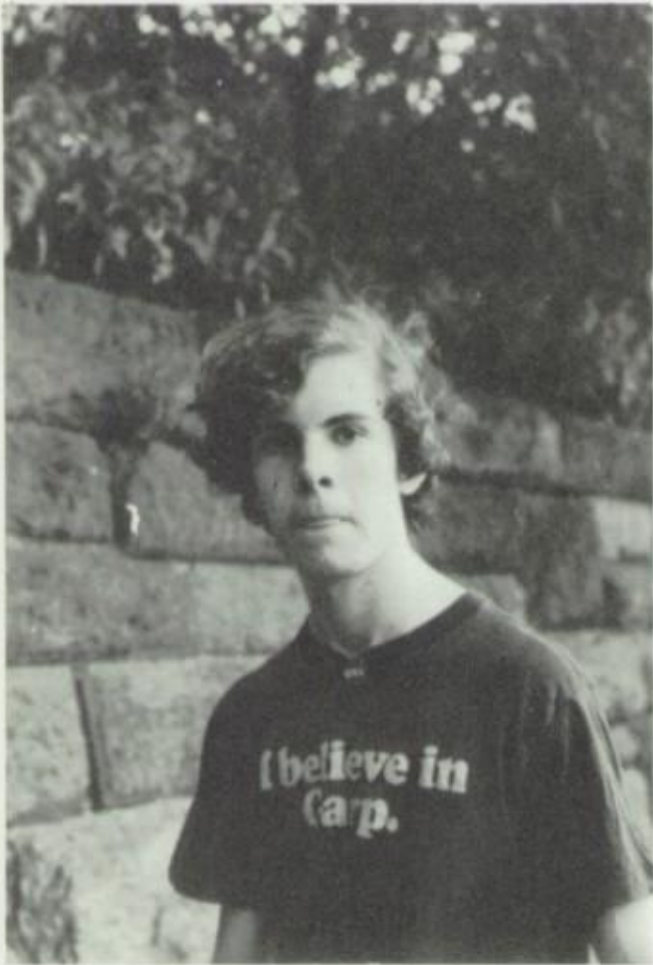
JEDIDIAH BURACK



Now he had learnt to see the great, the eternal, and the infinite in everything; and naturally therefore, in order to see it, to revel in its contemplation, he flung aside the telescope through which he had hitherto been gazing over men's heads, and looked joyfully at the ever-changing, ever grand, unfathomable, and infinite life around him. And the closer he looked at it, the calmer and happier he was.

—Tolstoy

PHILIP ROBBINS



"In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high." — Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

"It is better to wear out than to rust out." —Bishop Richard Cumberland

"Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that man's ideas, views and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life?" —Karl Marx

"Why should man fear since chance is all in all for him, and he can clearly foreknow nothing?" —Sophocles. *Oedipus Rex*

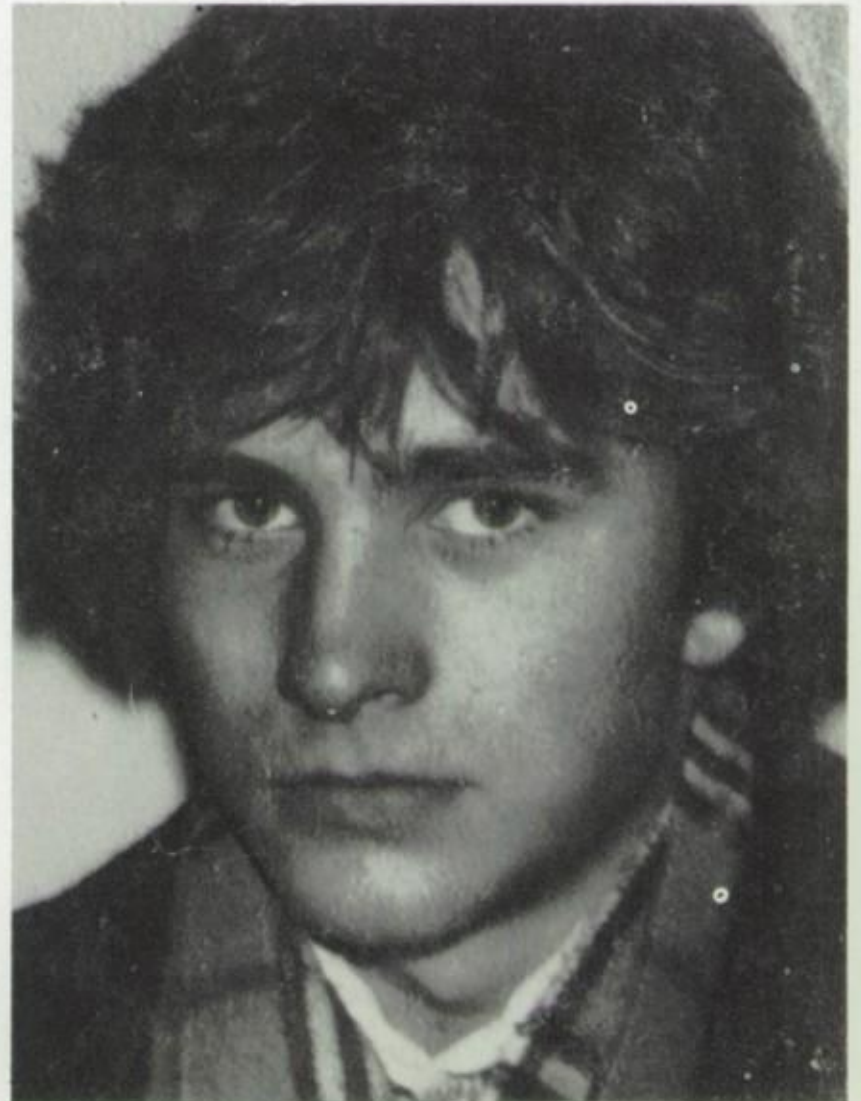
PATRICK M. WALL, Jr.

Though you are in your shining days,
Voices among the crowd and
New friends busy with your praise,
Be not unkind or proud,
But think about old friends the most,
Time's bitter flood will rise,
Your beauty perish and be lost
For all eyes but these eyes.

—William Butler Yeats

There is no finish line.

—Unknown





ROBERT METLZER

DAVID FABER



looking at the snow
and trees that grow
outside my window.
Wondering if where
I've been is worth
the things I've been
through. Ending with
a friend named Sunny
Skies.

—J.T.



That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves this world a better place than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacks appreciation for the earth's beauty or fails to express it; who looks for the best in others and gives the best he has.

—Unknown



BARBARA SHENTON

But now you're trying
to be somebody,
Now you got to do
something,
Wanna be someone,
well, well, well . . .
Thunders/Johansen

It's a teenage dream,
a hackneyed theme,
A time strained story,
a bid for glory,
But if these dreams
aren't really new,
Tell me why they
never came true?

Ian Page

Oh what fun we had
But did it really turn out bad?
All I learnt at school
was how to bend not break the rule
Oh what fun we had
But at the time it seemed so bad
Trying different ways
to make a difference to the days.
McPherson/Foreman/Barson
Chipmunks are go!

LISA JANE GRAHAM

"Was it new for anything in this world to be unequal, inconsistent, incongruous—or for chance and circumstance (as second causes) to direct the human fate?" —Jane Austen



"There are three things I've learned never to discuss with people: religion, politics and The Great Pumpkin." —Linus

KATHY VANCE

"I see," said Mr. Lambchop, reading the paper over his coffee cup, "that still another painting has been stolen from the Famous Museum. A Toulouse-Lautrec"

Mrs. Lambchop sipped her coffee. "That probably made it easier to steal," she said. "being too loose, I mean."

—Jeff Brown

If you can do it you don't need to say it. —Johnny Rotten

What are you, a college grad-u-ate or somethin'? —Walter Lure

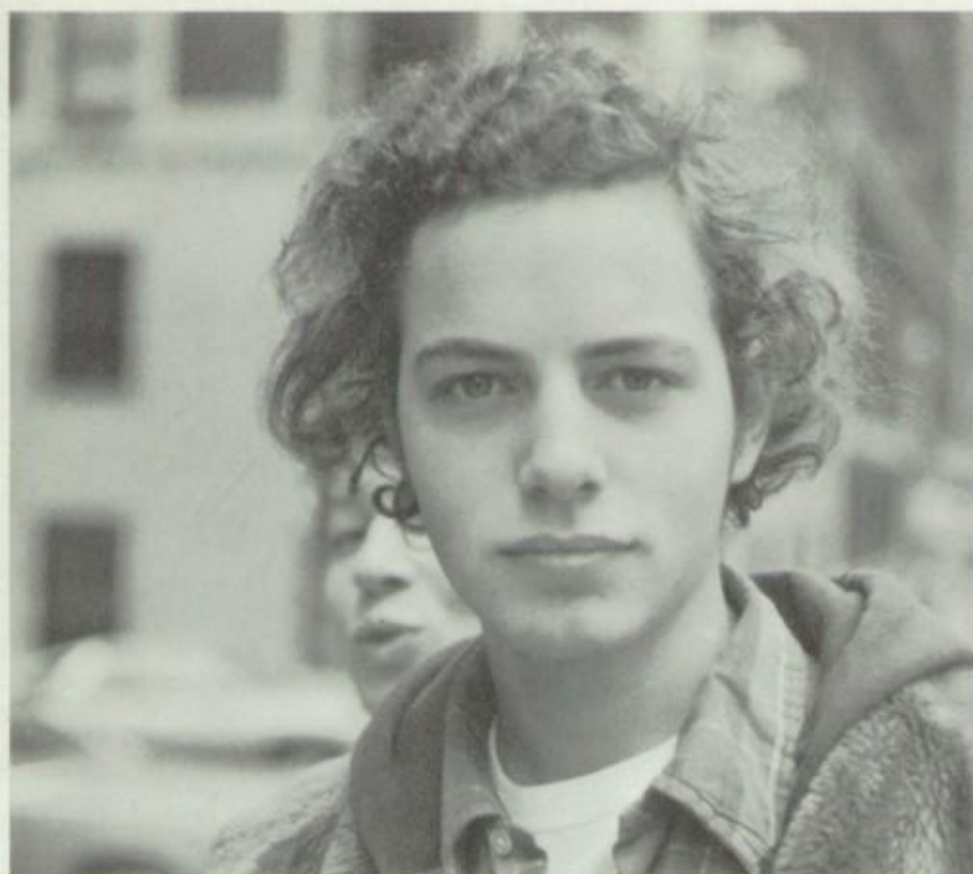


JENNI HERMAN

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent. —Eleanor Roosevelt

The truth is rarely pure, and never simple. —Oscar Wilde





MICHAEL ROHATYN

You can't join a throng 'till you write your own song . . .
—trad.

On n'est pas serieux quand on a dix-sept ans.
—Rimbaud



MARK ETTINGER

"Who says raisins can't sing?"

—Kellogg's Raisin Bran Chorus

"Nature realizes the emotions of Mr. Reality"



*what if a much of a which of a mind
gives the truth to summer's lie;
bloodies with dizzying leaves the sun
and yanks immortal stars awry?
Blow king to beggar and queen to seem
(blow friend to friend: blow space to time)
—when skies are hanged and oceans drowned,
the single secret will still be man
—e.e. cummings*

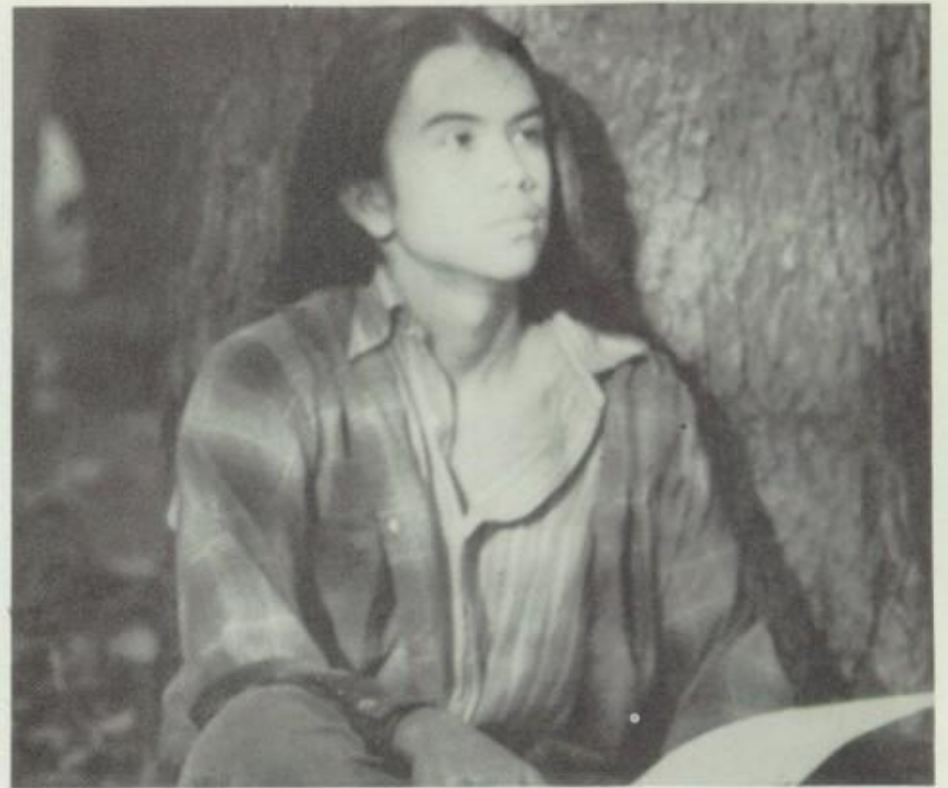


SIMON FILL

"It is such a beautiful day I had to write you a letter
From the tower, and to show you I'm not mad;
I only slipped on the cake of soap of the air
And drowned in the bathtub of the world.
You were much too good to cry over me.
And now I let you go. Signed, The Dwarf"

I passed by late in the afternoon
And the smile played about her lips
As it had for centuries. She always knows
How to be utterly delightful. Oh my daughter,
My sweetheart, daughter of my late employer,
princess,
May you not be long on the way!

John Ashberry



SARAH GREENBERG

"I don't have
to be fair,
I'm a crazy
person."

—F.U.



'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

—Lewis Carroll



ANGEL A. BRUNO

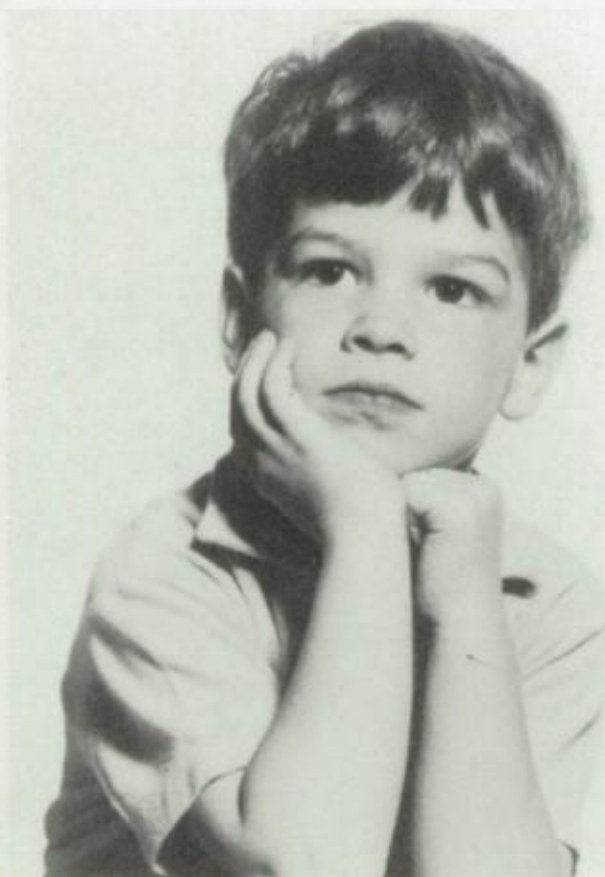
La patria hay que amarla como se ama a la mujer, espiritual y físicamente. Quien no se abochorne de que se la ultraje no es patriota, no es siquiera hombre. —Pedro Albizu Campus

La oportunidad de ser grande se escapa siempre de manos de los pequeños. —Pedro Albizu Campus

J.M. GIBBS

Let there be light. —Geneses

There comes a time in everyones life when has to ask oneself— "To tech or not to tech?"



Life has been good to me so far! —Joe Walsh

CRAIG ALLAN

POSPISIL

To sing, to laugh, to dream,
To walk in my own way and be alone,
Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat
Where I choose—At a word, a Yes, a No,
To fight—or write. To travel any road
Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—
Never to make a line I have not heard
In my own heart; yet, with all modesty
To say: "My soul, be satisfied with flowers,
With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
In the one garden you may call your own."

—Cyrano de Bergerac

Well I must go—pardon—I cannot stay!
My moonbeam comes to carry me away . . .

—Cyrano de Bergerac

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk . . .

—William Wordsworth



WADE RICHARDS

. . . And this is an always statement: unless you're crazy, the magic moment doesn't last . . .

—Lenesa White

NOIRIN LUCAS



all ignorance tobaggans into know
and trudges up to ignorance again;
but winter's not forever, even snow
melts; and if spring should spoil the game,
what then?

—e.e. cummings

CHRISTINE MESCH



You climb up through the little grades and then get to
the top and everybody cheers; with the sweat in your
eyebrows you can't see very well and the noise swirls
around you and lifts you up, and then you're out, not
forgotten at first, just out, and it feels good and cool and free . . .
You're out and sort of melt, and keep lifting, until you become
like these kids just one more piece of the sky of adults . . .
a piece that for some strange reason had clouded and visited them.

—John Updike

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

—William Butler Yeats



PHOEBE HAWKINS

I, I will be king
and you, you will be queen
though nothing will drive them away
we can beat them just for one day
we can be heroes just for one day

And you, you can be mean
and I, I drink all the time
'cause we're lovers
and that is a fact
yes, we're lovers
and that is that
though nothing can keep us together
we can still time just for one day
we can be heroes
forever and ever
what d'ya say?

—David Bowie

Presently, God said, "And what did you do?"
The little blade answered, "Oh my lord,
Memory is bitter to me, for if I did good
deeds I know not of them." Then God rose
in all his splendor and said, "O Best
little blade of grass."

—Anonymous

I am Nobody, who are you?

—Emily Dickinson



Where am I going? I don't quite know.
Down to the stream where the king-cups
grow—
Up on the hill where the pine-trees blow.
Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

A.A. Milne

Time—He's waiting in the wings
He speaks of senseless things
His script is you and me.

—David Bowie

but more than all
there is a time for timelessness.

—e.e. cummings

I'd like to be under the sea
in an octopus's garden in the shade.

—The Beatles

CYNTHIA CARRIS





ADAM STOCK

Why, we grow rusty and you catch us at the very point of decadence—by this time tomorrow we might have forgotten everything we ever knew. That's a thought, isn't it? We'd be back where we started—improvising.

—*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

We keep to our usual stuff, more or less, only inside out. We do on stage the things that are supposed to happen off. Which is a kind of integrity, if you look on every exit being an entrance somewhere else.

—*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

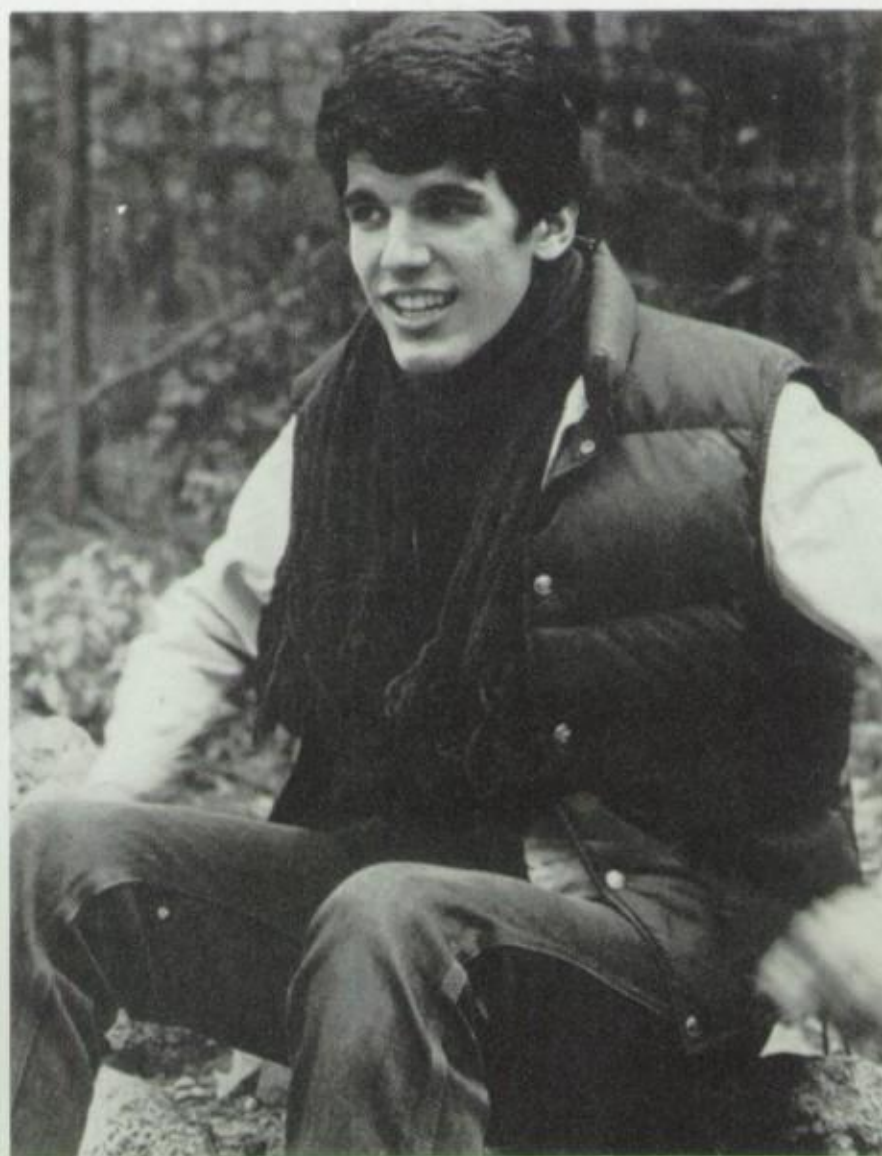
ANDREW DENSON

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,—let no imposter heap;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms,—in your defense to bear.

—Percy Bysshe Shelly

"If we were made in God's image, then
God must have a sense of humor."

—Tom Smothers



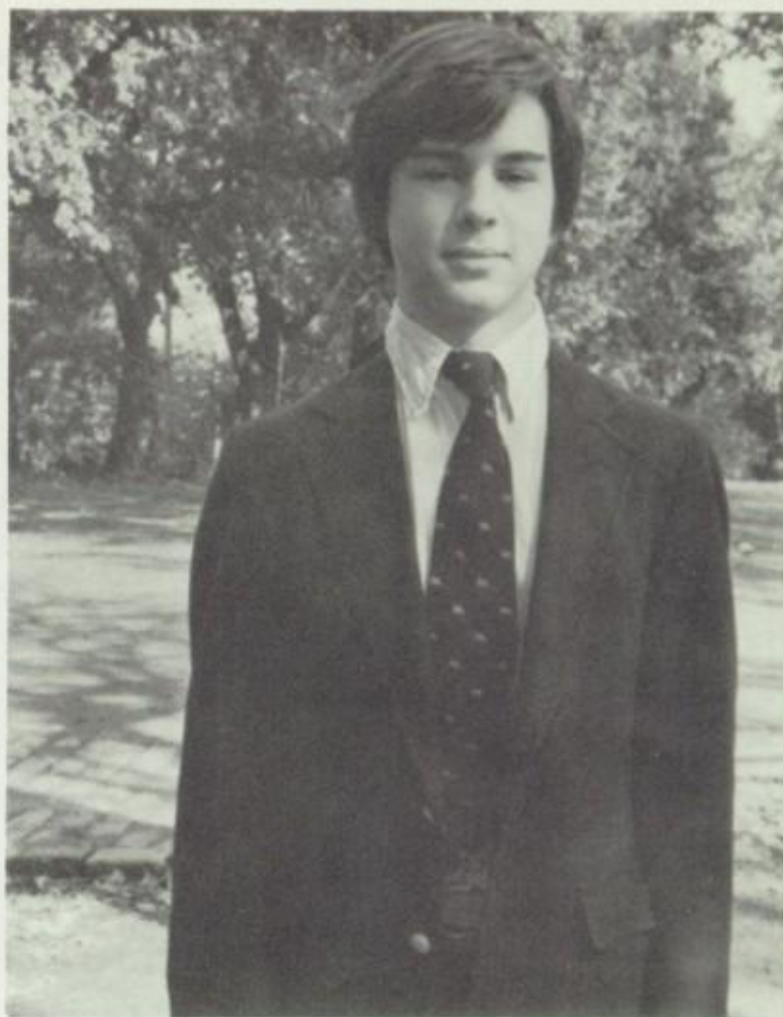
MICHAEL CLARK

Murphy's Law (#8): Nothing is foolproof because fools are so ingenious.

Allen's Axiom: if all else fails, read the instructions.

Fischer's Law: Sex is hereditary. If your parents didn't have it, chances are you won't either.

Ross' Law: Bare feet magnetize sharp objects so they point upward from the floor—especially in the dark.



LINN STANTON

If the liberal arts do nothing else, they provide engaging metaphors for the things they displace. —R. Zelazny

A truly free person, if he's smart, will pay only pragmatic attention to rules made by other people. He will obey the 11th commandment and not get caught. —R. Heinlein





MICHAEL TURNBULL

Opportunity is for the taking.
Look inside yourself you'll see.
Then go clean up your own backyard.
Leave my yard to me.

—Rossington Collins Band

This song is over
I am left with only tears
I must remember
Even if it takes a million years.
—The Who

And everybody knows who they are
in velvet gardens of rhinestone stars
shine down on me satan queen
with overloads of insane scenes
they go dancing across the pages of the magazines
—Heart

Leaving . . . what a good idea

—Boon

MARY-LOUISE HAWKINS

I like work; It fascinates me;
I can sit and look at it for hours.

—Jerome K. Jerome

"It's not the men in your life that counts,
it's the life in your men."

—Mae West

"Can't have my dinner—forgot my corkscrew."

—W.C. Fields





MATTHEW PLOTKIN

We may well be unable to afford to be the world's policeman, but neither can we afford to fail to live up to the responsibilities and the accidents of a bountiful land and a beneficent fate have placed upon us. We tend in this age of iconoclasm to disparage idealism, patriotism and zeal; but if there are to be no more Vietnams, is there to be no more support of aspiring freedom, protection of the weak against the strong?

—General William C. Westmoreland

JEFFREY WEINER

The best way to cheer yourself up is to try to cheer someone else up.
—Mark Twain

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
—Emerson

Ya gotta believe!
—Tug McGraw

Now this is not the end It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.
—Winston Churchill



and the American way. --Superman

I'm here to fight for truth, justice,



STEPHEN WOLF

Pecunia loquitor, stercus ambulat!

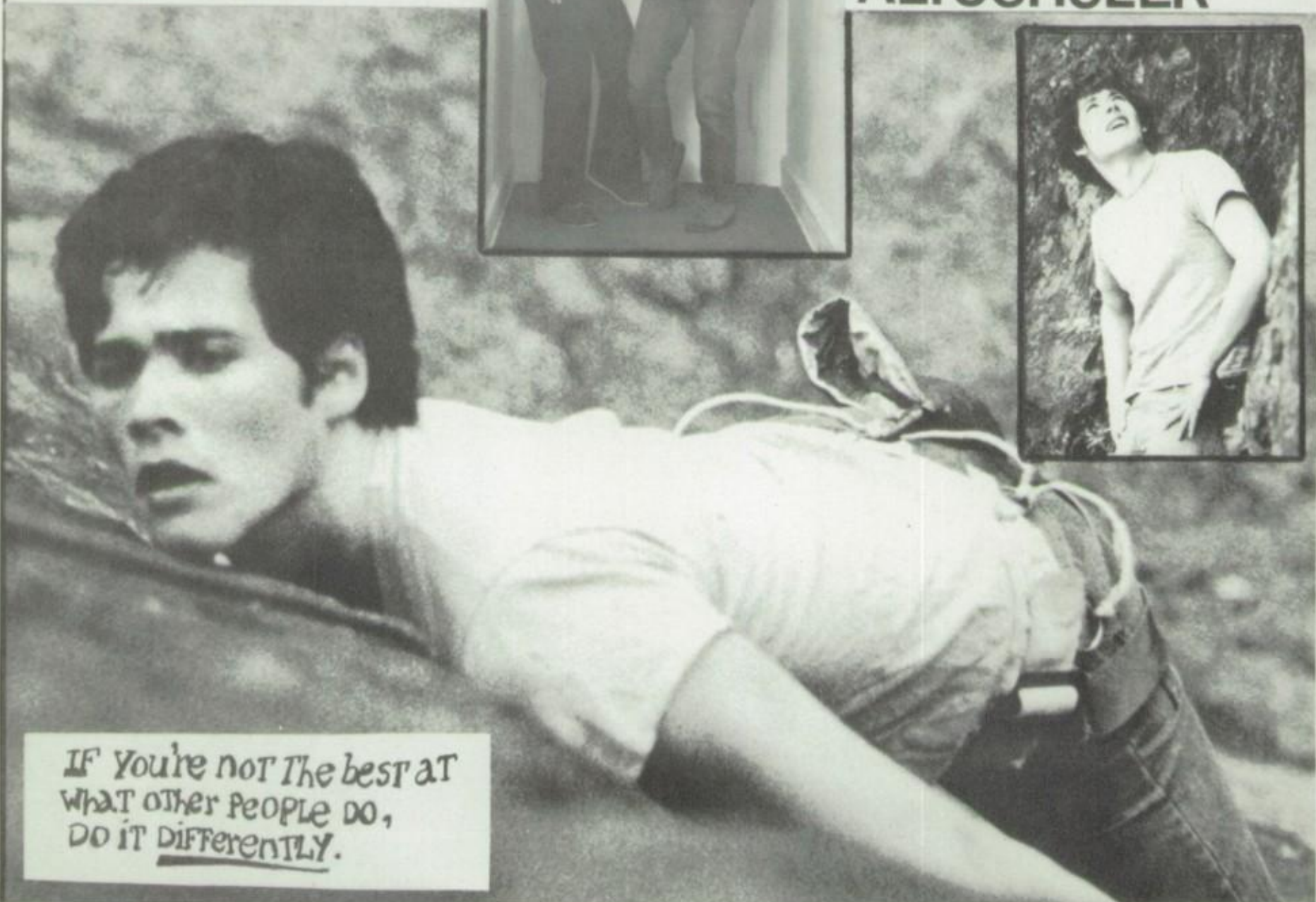


You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face.

E. Roosevelt



**CHRIS
ALTSCHULER**



*IF You're not The best at
what other people do,
do it DIFFERENTLY.*

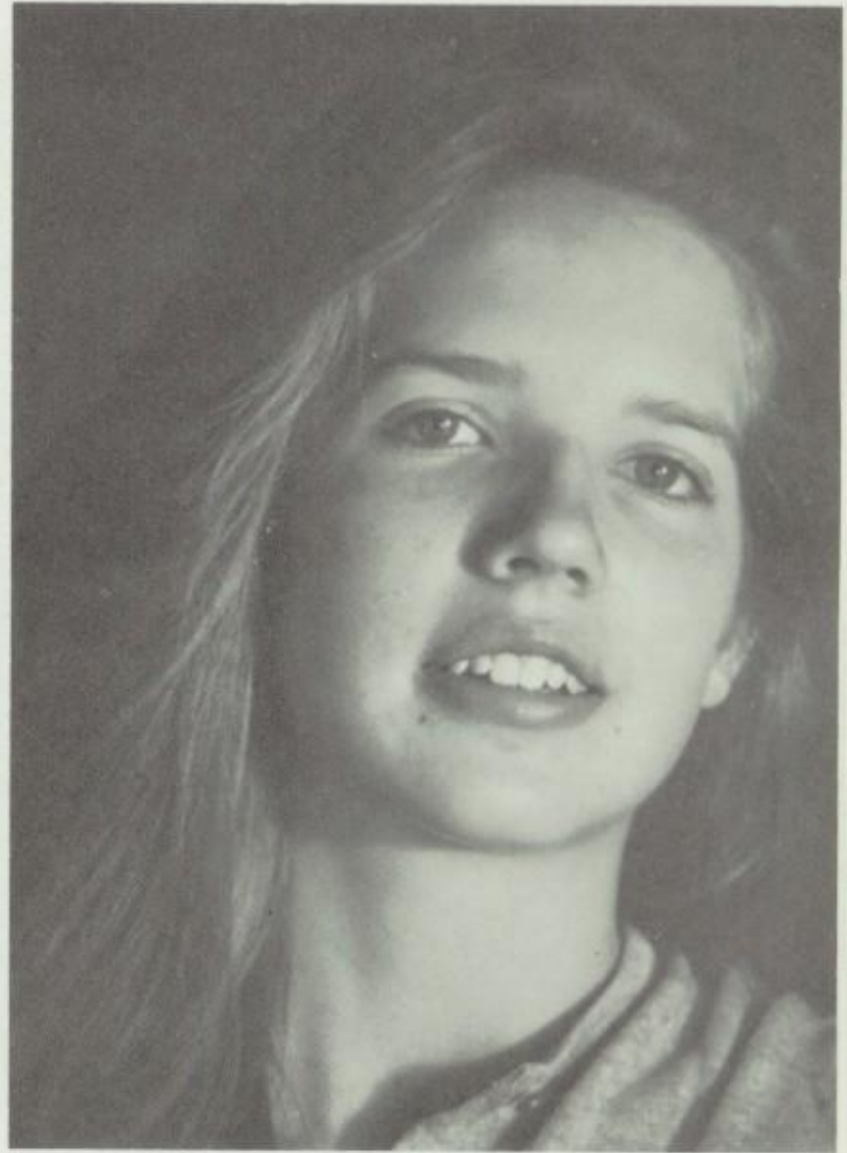
JEPHTHA TAUSIG

May each of you live as long as
you want and never want as long as you live;
may each of you live to be one hundred, and me,
one hundred minus a day, so I'll never know that
nice people like you have passed away.

—Frankie Crocker

O body swayed to music, O bright—
ening glance,

How can we know the dancer
from the dance?



ALBERT WEBSTER



He wants to be one of us, to be loved,
to be useful. But . . . I remember when I
was seventeen that I wished for the
ability to remove the things that
annoyed me, neatly and without fuss.
Charlie doesn't have to wish. He can
do it.

—Captain Kirk



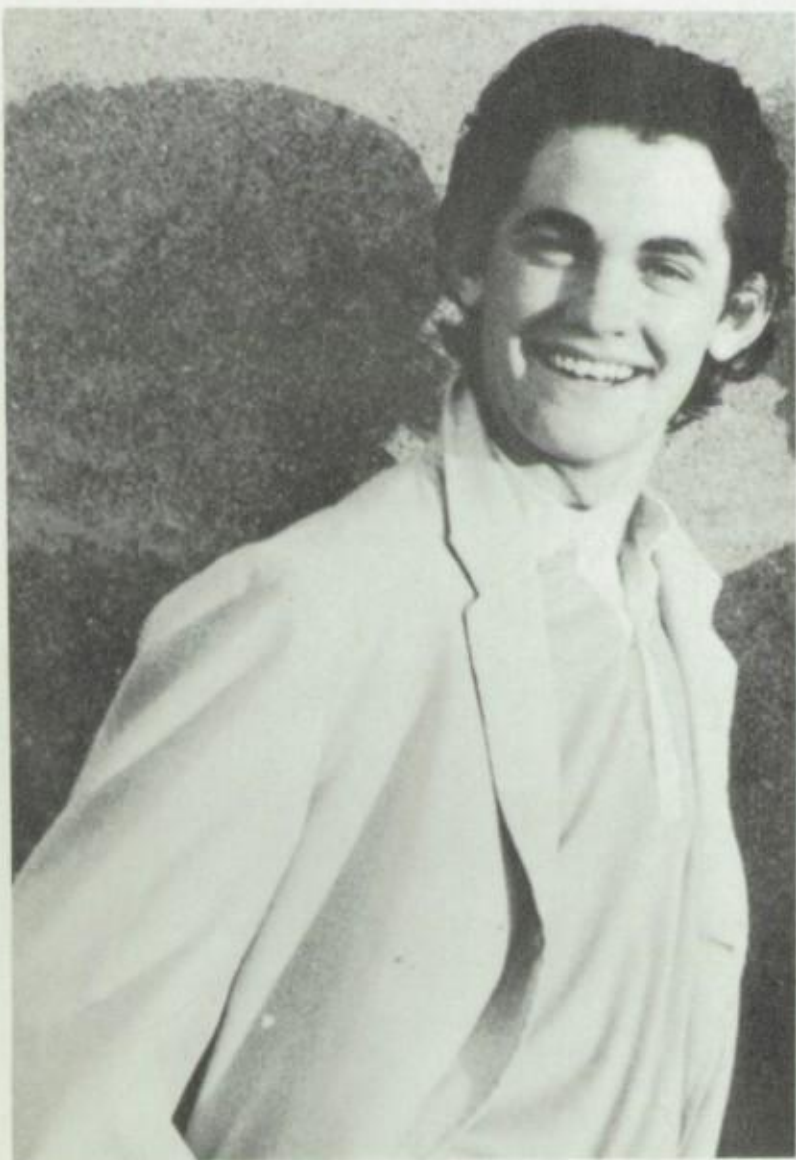


GENEVIEVE OVERHOLSER

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
—William Shakespeare

¿ Qué es la vida?, un frenesí
¿ qué es la vida?, una ilusión,
una sombra, una ficción,
y el mayor bien es pequeño;
que toda la vida es sueño,
y los sueños, sueños.

—Calderón de la Barca



JAMES KILLOUGH

Marciare no marcire
—Gabriele D'Annunzio

Du coeur, pour L'ame
—J.K.

I felt a funeral, in my brain,
And mourners to and fro
Kept treading—treading—till it seemed
That sense was breaking through—

—Emily Dickinson

LIZ ARNO

Has anybody seen
A dog dyed dark green?
About two inches tall
With a strawberry blonde paw
Sun glasses and a bonnet
Designer jeans with appliqués on it.
The dog that brought me so much joy
Let me wallow in his cage.
Quiche Lorraine!

—B-52s

Planet Claire has pink air
All the trees are red
No one ever dies there
No one has a head.

—B-52s



DIANA DeVOE

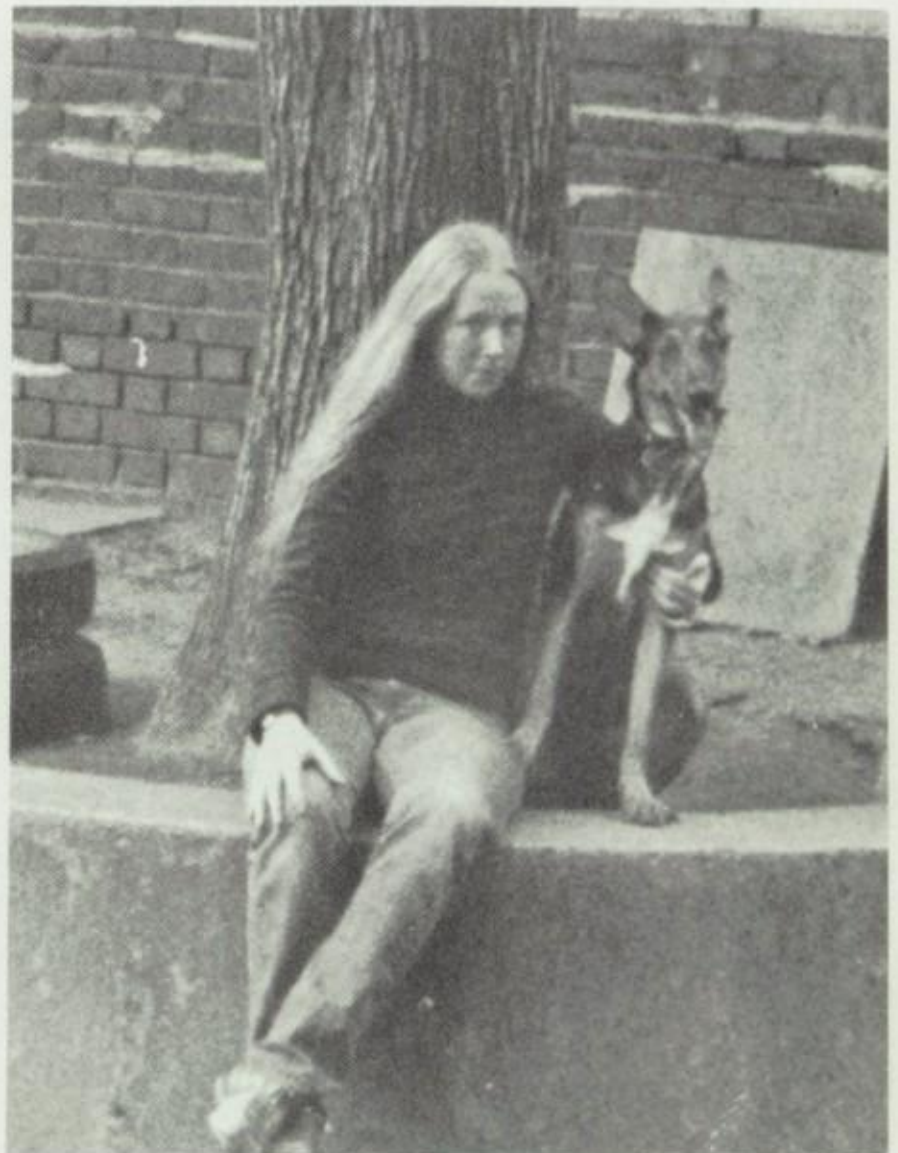
We can change the world
If you believe in justice
and if you believe in freedom
Let a man live his own life
rules and regulations, who needs them
Open up the door.

—Graham Nash

One flew over the cuckoo's nest.

—children's folk rhyme

Elephants never forget—



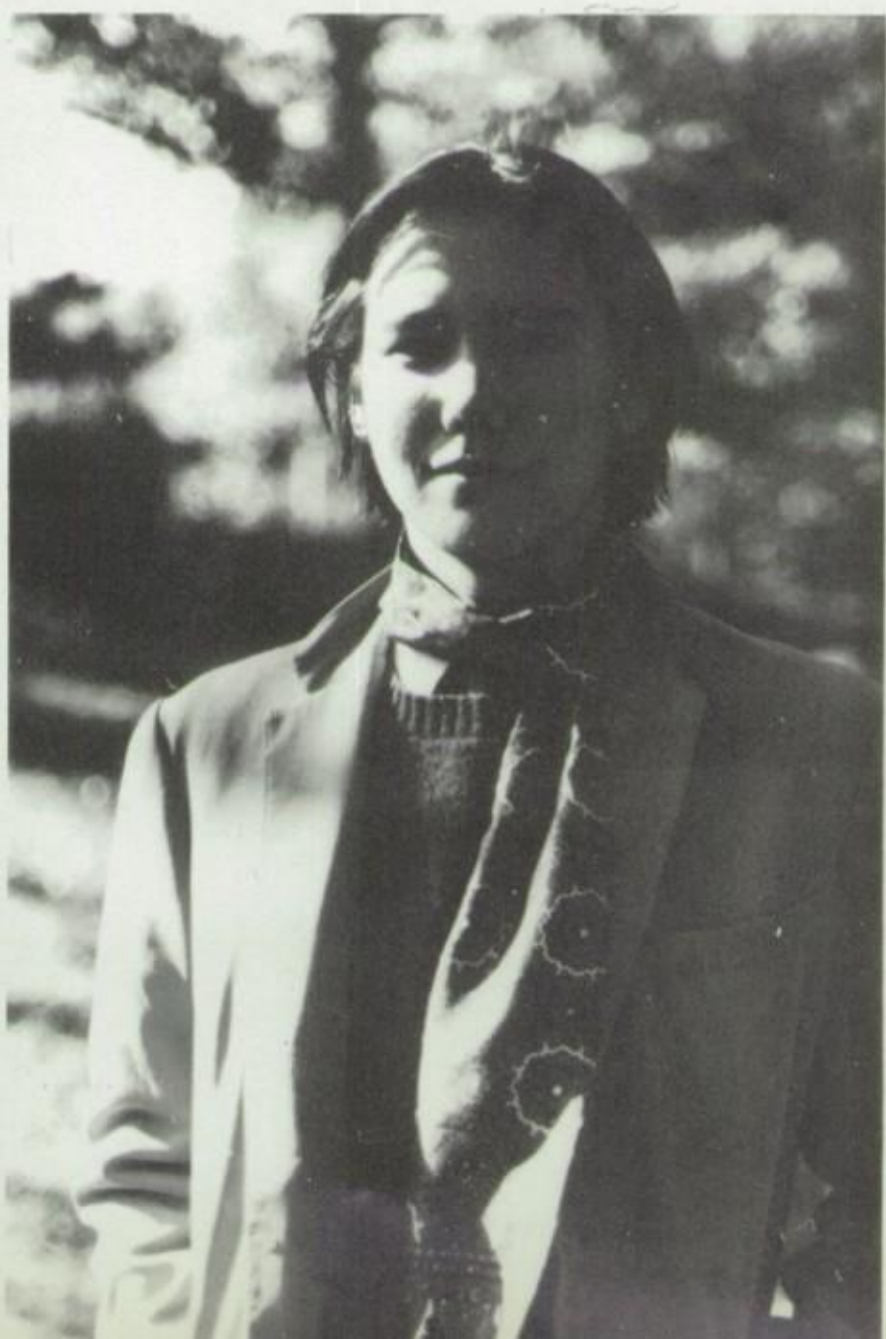
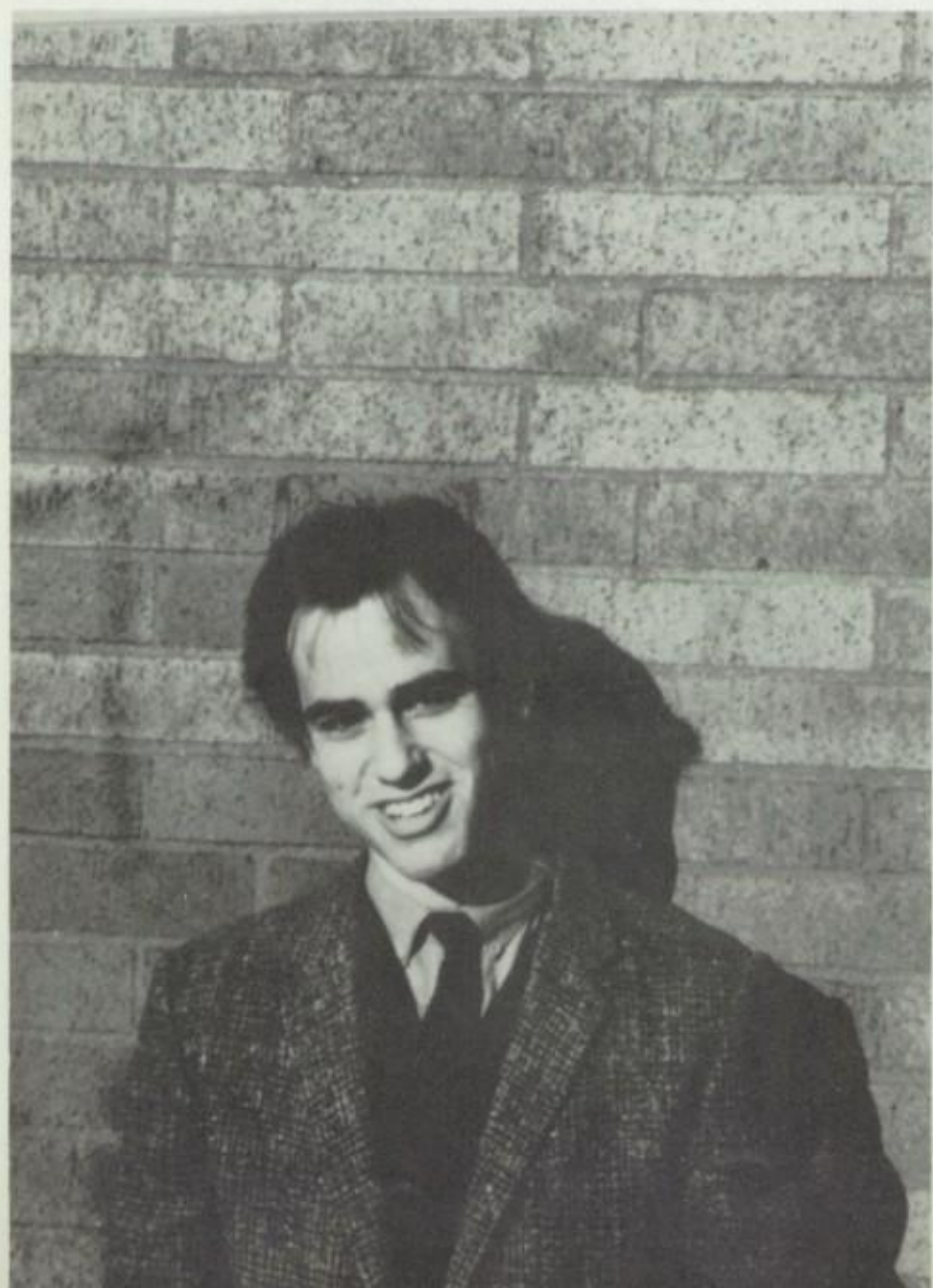


NICK GLECKMAN
OSCAR
BLEETSTEIN



ANDREW MOSES

HOGI HYUN





It is hard to fall but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. —Theodore Roosevelt
 Few things are more important than a close set of friends one can depend on. —A.M.



A woman is just a woman but a good cigar is a smoke.

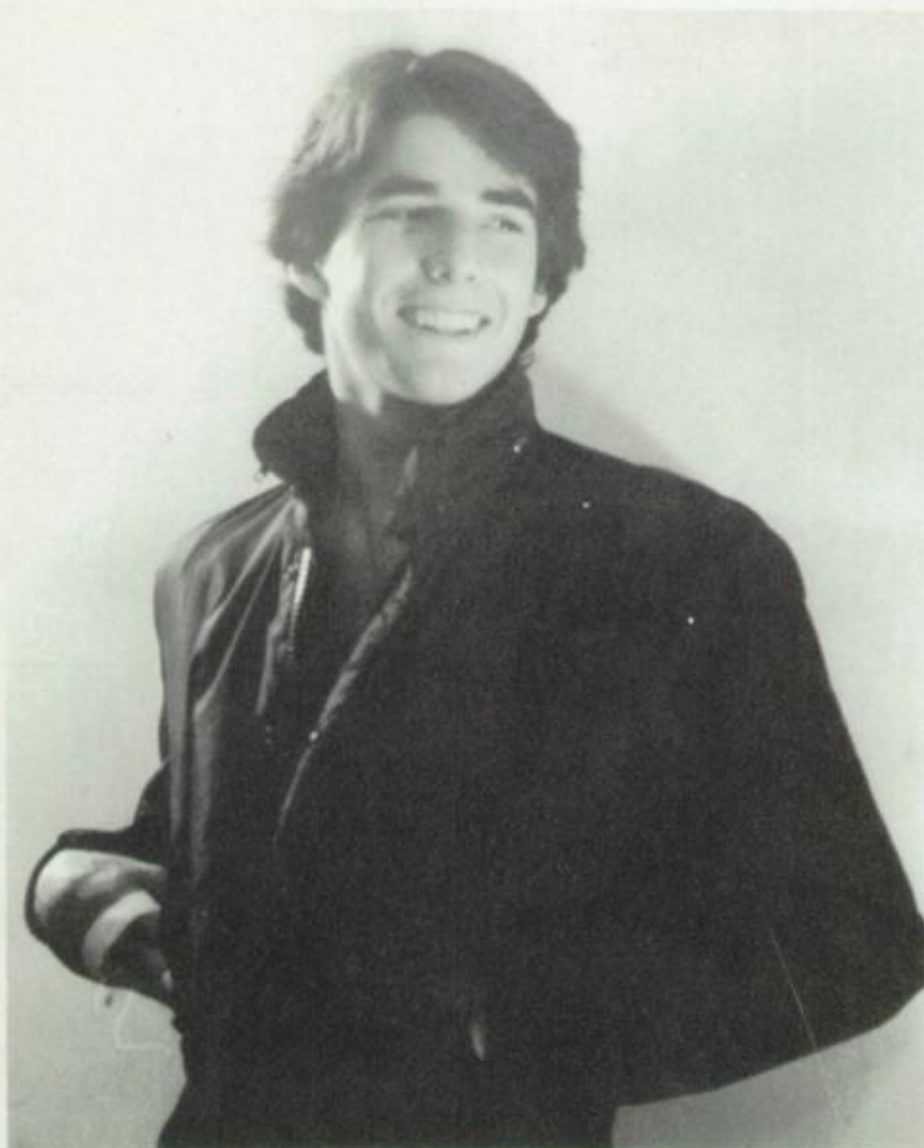
MANHATTAN GESTAPO



Ci- git dont la supreme loi
 Fut de ne vivre que pour soi.
 Passant, garde- toi de le suivre;
 Car on pourrait dire de toi:
 'Ci- git qui ne dut jamais vivre'
 —Francois-Marie Arouet De Voltaire



A closed mouth gathers no feet.



MILES ESTY

Pork, Boone? —otter

It seemed like a good idea. —Nick Nolte

The pain is absolutely awful. So is fear.

—Robert Daley, *Only a Game*

The door's open but the ride it ain't free.

—Bruce Springsteen

The Brothers Johnson

PHILIP WALSH

You can hardly say anything these days without getting into trouble.

—Johnny Carson

No respect at all . . . When I was in high school I had to share a locker with a mop!

—Rodney

It was a few minutes before four in the morning, I was tossing in bed, regretting that at the moment there was no one around to toss . . .

—Marx



JONATHAN GATES

Have fun now. These are the good old days!

—B.R.

Sweet dreams can solve the future.

—Jon Anderson

And you and I climb over the sea to the valley.

—YES

Can't sleep I got my eyes wide open

I can feel the radiation

It's three A.M. there's no distraction

Can't sleep 'cause all the stars are on now

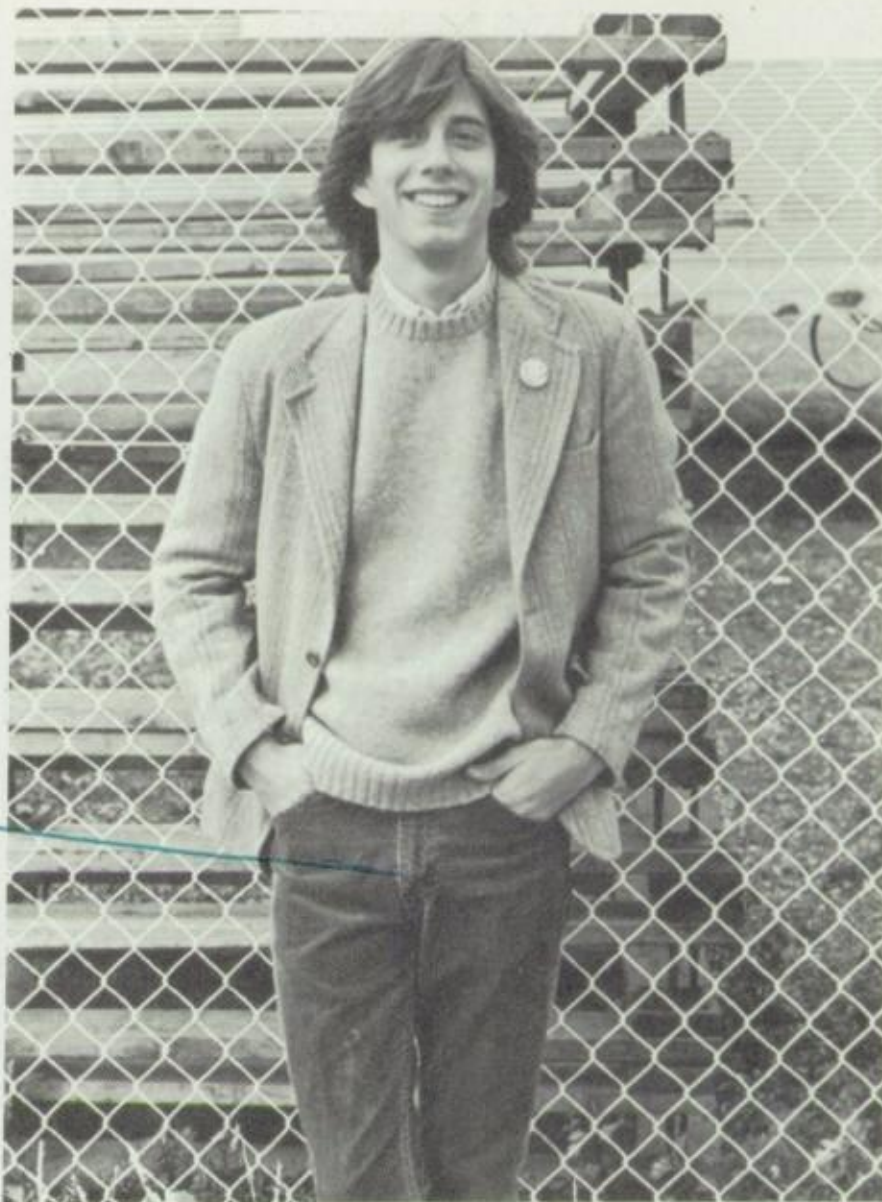
Should I move to change the station

Having fun watching my T.V.

It's the center of attraction.

—3D

Get it up pal



MATTHEW

HOROVITZ

Boys and girls,

Return to your studies.

Remember,

Nothing in life is free.

—Batman (from "Robin goes to High School")



HOWARD FREEMAN



Hungover. Red Eyed. Dog Tired Satisfied—It's a long road and a little wheel and it takes a lot of turns to get there. Thank You Damn It. —Charlie Daniels, 1974

DIRK JOHNSON

'Hope' is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm

I've heard it in the chillest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of me.

—Emily Dickinson

How wrong Emily Dickinson was!
Hope is not 'the thing with feathers'. The thing with feathers
has turned out to be my nephew. I must take him to a special-
ist in Zurich.

—Woody Allen



ROGER LEVITON

There's a set of fundamental laws to which heightened consciousness is subject so that there's no changing oneself or, for that matter, doing anything about it. Thus, as a result of heightened consciousness, a man feels that it's all right if he's bad as long as he knows it.

—Dostoyevsky



FRANK BRUNCKHORST



Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.

—Winston Churchill

Whatsoever the goods of fortune are, a man must have the proper sense to savour them: it is the enjoying and not the possessing of them that makes us happy.

—John Florio



DOUG GROB

"Music is your own thoughts, your experience, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out in your horn. They'll teach you there's a boundary line to music. But, man, there's no boundary line to art."

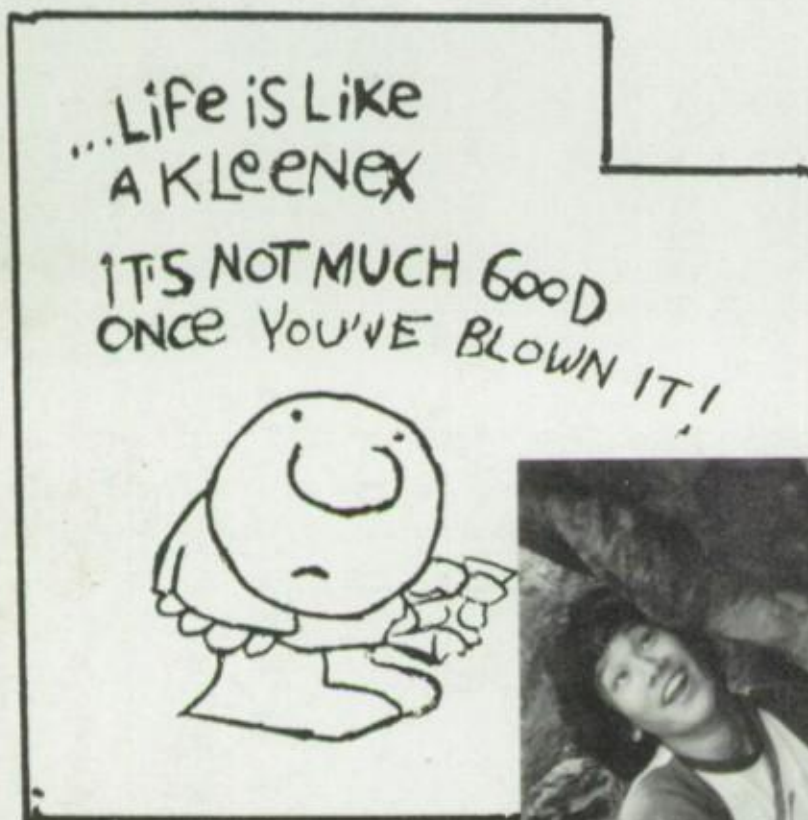
—Charlie Parker

"Can Octopuses fly backwards?"

—College Knowledge.

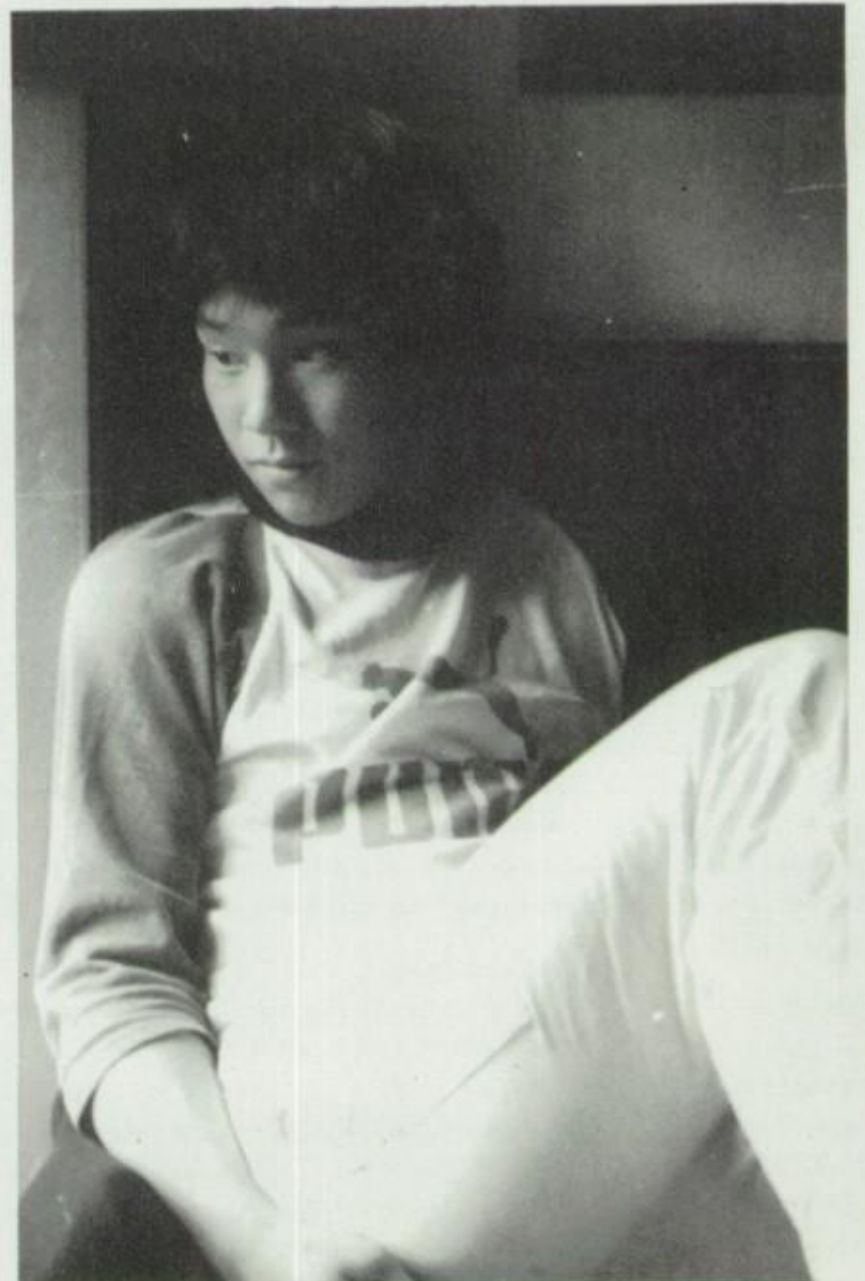
"There are two kinds of people in the world: those who divide things in two, and those who don't."

—Ervid Edmund



I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. —Thoreau

KAZUNARI KUNO



We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts.

-Henry David Thoreau

PLAYBILL



A winning combination.

Richard Chamberlain in Prince Charming
Weekend

Cookies

Certainly things could not get any worse for the Ryan family. With Pat about to marry his sister-in-law, Frank about to marry his longtime mistress, and Mary pregnant and about to have her marriage ended. Maeve and Johnny Ryan can't imagine a worse time in their lives.

Odd Couple

Simon or Garfunkel



Truth is, we love New York so much
Hand Knit Sweaters

One Life To Live
Ryan's Hope



Shoes For All Occasions

Central Park.

Sex Machine

Burns and Allen

Theater



Chevy Chase

John Travolta and old friend Carly Simon attend a New York party launching his film Saturday Night Fever. Popular singer Carly is the wife of singer James Taylor.

AMY MINTZER

sparkling repartee



LISA SCHROEDER

It is a childish game I have always played and have never been able to resist—a game of arranging life, whenever possible, in a series of scenes that make perfect first-act or third-act curtains. When it works, and it often does, it lends an extra zest and a keener sense of enjoyment to whatever the occasion may be where my thirst for drama has contrived to make life immitate a good third act.

-Moss Hart

A guy goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Hey Doc, my brother's crazy. He thinks he's a chicken." And the doctor says, "Well, why don't you turn him in?" And the guy says, "I would, but I need the eggs." Welp, I guess that's pretty much how I feel about relationships—you know they're totally irrational and crazy and absurd, but I guess we keep going through it because most of us, well, need the eggs.

-Woody Allen

I Dream of Jeannie
M*A*S*H



THE SLIPPER AND THE ROSE

Broadway

REGENCY-8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE-8th St.
Jazz



DRACULA

"Annie Hall,"

"Yunny is funny,"

Manhattan

"This is one of the theatre's great exit scenes."

"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN"

THE YOUNG AND FAIR

SHOPPING

THE TEMPEST

THE THREE SISTERS

GUYS AND DOLLS

BAAL

The Merchant of Venice,

GODSPELL



Palm Beach, Florida

THE LAST WALTZ

diaphanous parties

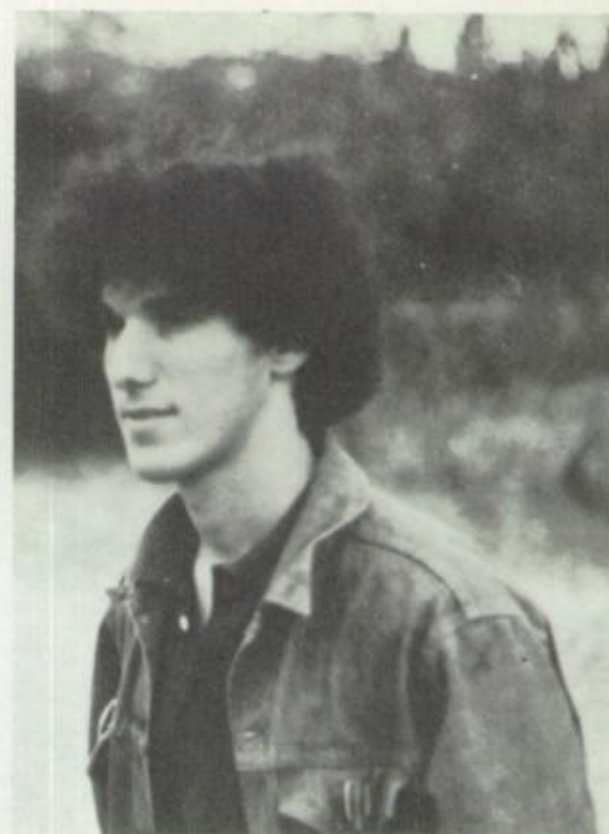
"Saturday Night Live"

"On the Twentieth Century"

HAIR

WEST END, 2011 Broadway, at 113th St.

BILL BRAYER



I don't care if the sun don't shine
I know I'm gonna see it through,
I don't care what nobody says
I'll tell you what I'm gonna do,
I'm gonna live for the music. —Bad Company

Did you ever wake up to find,
The day that broke up your mind,
Destroying your notion of circular time,
It's just that evil eye that got you in it's sway.
—Rolling Stones

Everyone wants to be a Chevy when they grow up. —G.M. Holmes

I drink, therefore I am. —Anonymous

The trick you said
Was never play the game too long
—Bob Seger

Take it, to the limit
One more time
—Eagles

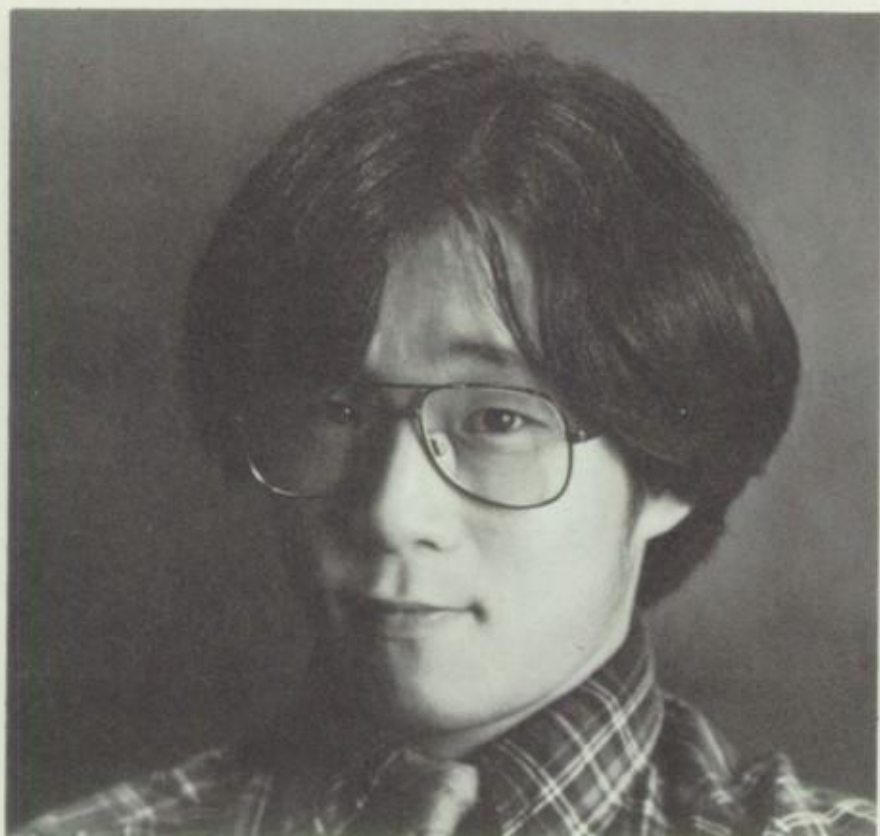
TONY LYONS

I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion.
—Henry David Thoreau

Who so would be a man must be a nonconformist.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Never be too busy to look at a sunset.
—Nick Lyons





*KAZUYASU
MAKABE*

If you can't beat it SPY ON IT. —Anon

The way I figure it Charlie Brown, the world can't end today because in some parts of the world, its already tomorrow.

—Lucy Van Pelt



DIANA BESAS

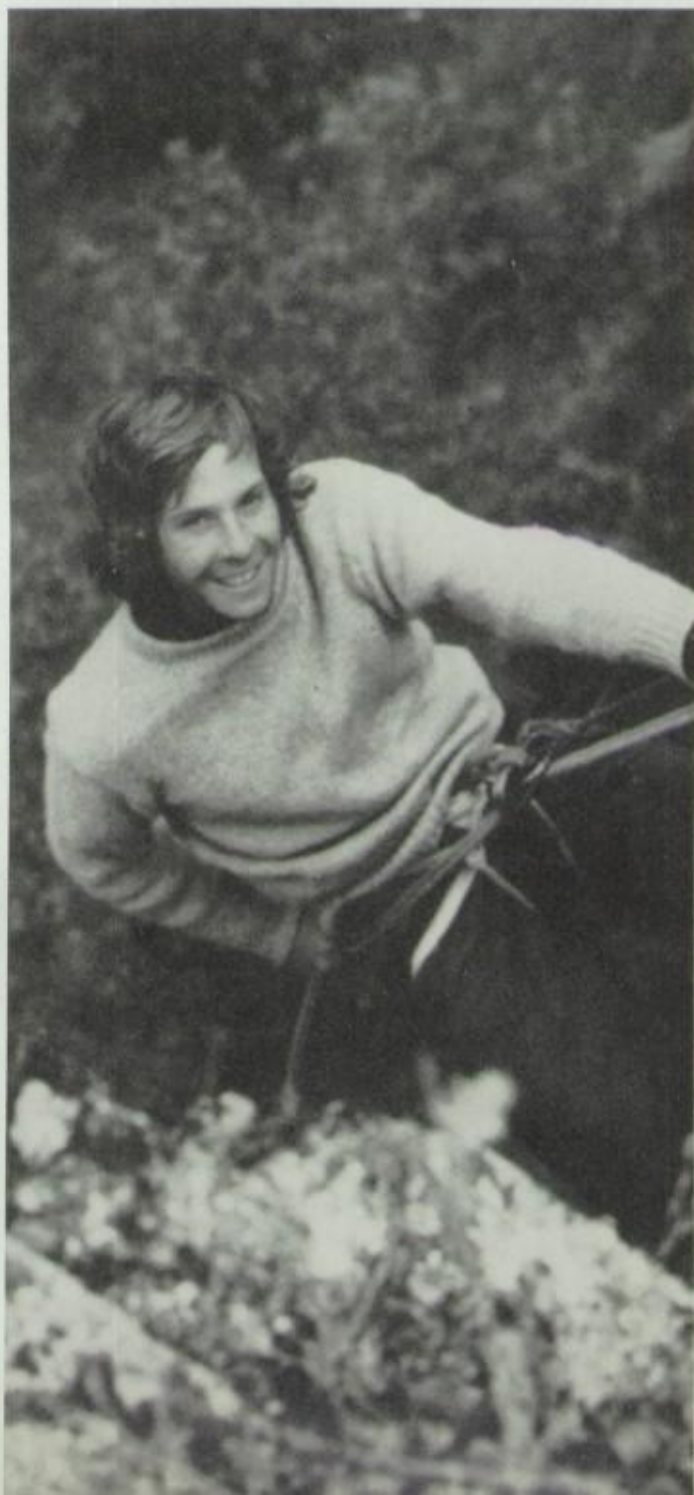
I'm not at all afraid of death, so long as I'm not around when it happens. —Woody Allen

To educate a man in mind and not in morals and spiritual values is to educate a menace to society. —Theodore Roosevelt





*That's not Funny;
that's sick!!*



DAVID LEE

Hi Ho

—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Buckwheat: C'mon, Porgy.

Porgy: Okai.

—Little Rascals

Torpedo los!! Ahaaaa!!

—J.S.



LEE
One up in style

What do you plan to do?"

I shrug. There is only one thing I can do: listen to people, see how they stick themselves into the world, hand them along a ways in their dark journey and be handed along, and for good and selfish reasons. It only remains to decide whether this vocation is best pursued in a service station or . . .

"I don't know whether I can succeed."

"I know you don't."

"It seems the wildest sort of thing to do."

"Yes."

"We had better make it fast."

"All right."

"I am so afraid."

—Walker Percy



"Mon Dieu! My automobile has been eaten by rats!" exclaimed Ted, with equal fluency in both languages.

—B. Kliban

JED SPINGARN

MARK HARRIS

We tell ourselves stories in order to live. We look for the sermon in the suicide, for the social or moral lesson in the murder of five. We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices. We live entirely by the imposition of a narrative line upon disparate images, by the "ideas" with which we have learned to freeze the shifting phantasmagoria which is our actual experience.

—Joan Didion

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."

—Lewis Carroll

There's gotta be a book in this.

—Doonesbury

We are all terminal cases.

—John Irving



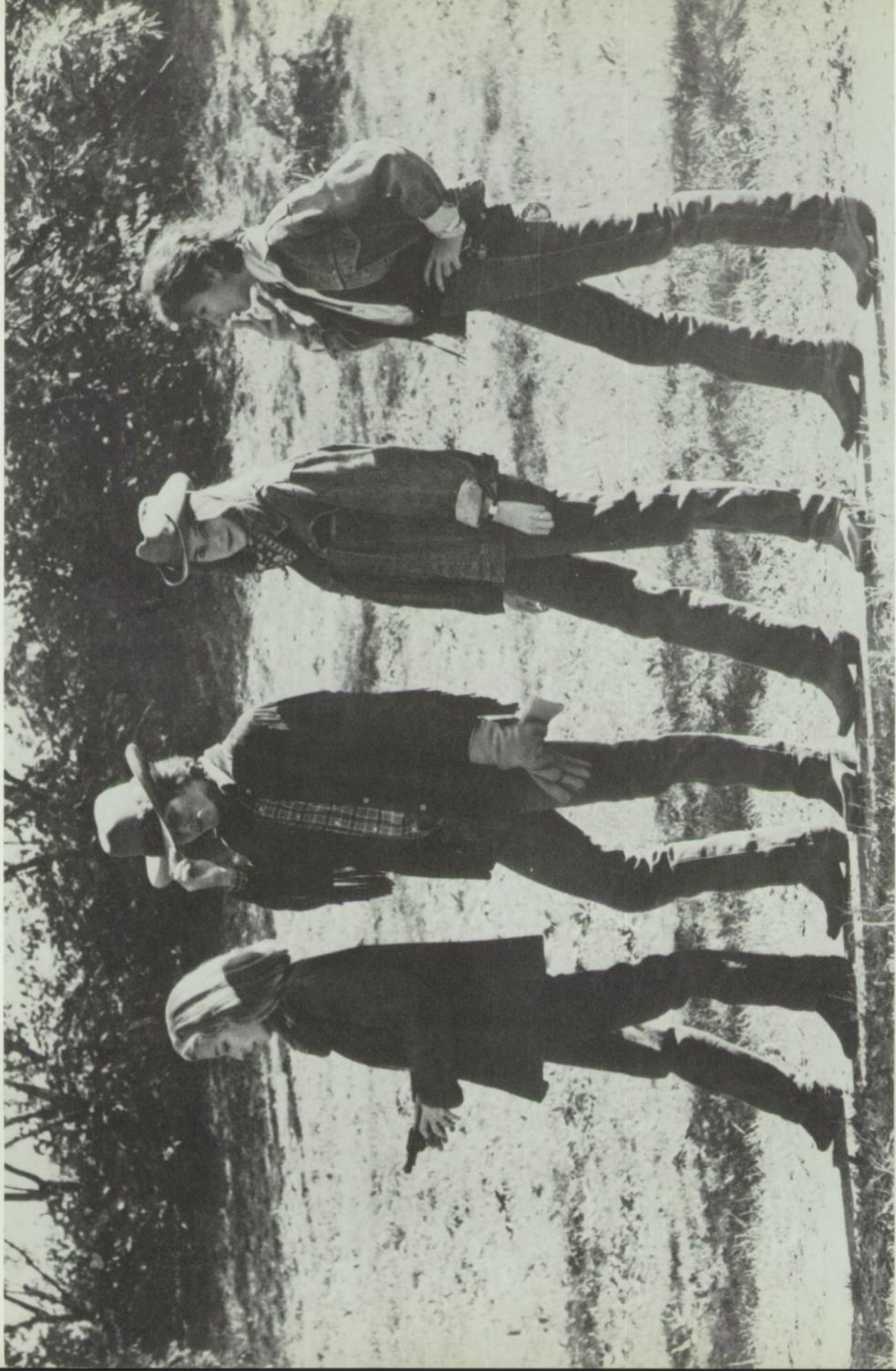
If people bring so much courage to the world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure that it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

—Ernest Hemingway

Don't look back. Something may be gaining on you.

—Leroy "Satchell" Paige

RICK PHILLIPS





AMANDA GREEN

Definitions are limiting. Limitations are deadening. To limit oneself is a kind of suicide. To limit another is a kind of murder. To limit poetry is a Hiroshima of the human spirit.—*Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*, Tom Robbins



BENJAMIN F. MOSS

Happiness is temporary, believe me—I know. It arrives as a shining crystal and leaves with the melting snow. Come all ye lads and lassies the kingdom of childhood passes. —Joan Baez, *Gulf Winds*



ELIZABETH CRANE

It's youth's felicity as well as its insufficiency that it can never live in the present, but must always be measuring up the day against its own radiantly imagined future—flowers and gold, girls and stars, they are only prefigurations and prophecies of that incomparable, unattainable young dream. —F. Scott Fitzgerald



KATE LANIER

But when he said good-bye to them he wanted to lift their beautiful heads off their necks and hold them close for hours. —F. Scott Fitzgerald

RICK SCHNETZER

"Well I don't want no preacher telling me about the god in the sky"

Black Sabbath

"Everybody wants some!"

Van Halen

"Go for what you know, Baby!"

A.S.

"Not I, not anyone else can travel that road for you. You must travel it for yourself"

Walt Whitman



CRAIG BOYCE

Wave upon wave of demented avengers march cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream

—Pink Floyd

The whole of science is nothing more than a refinement of everyday thinking

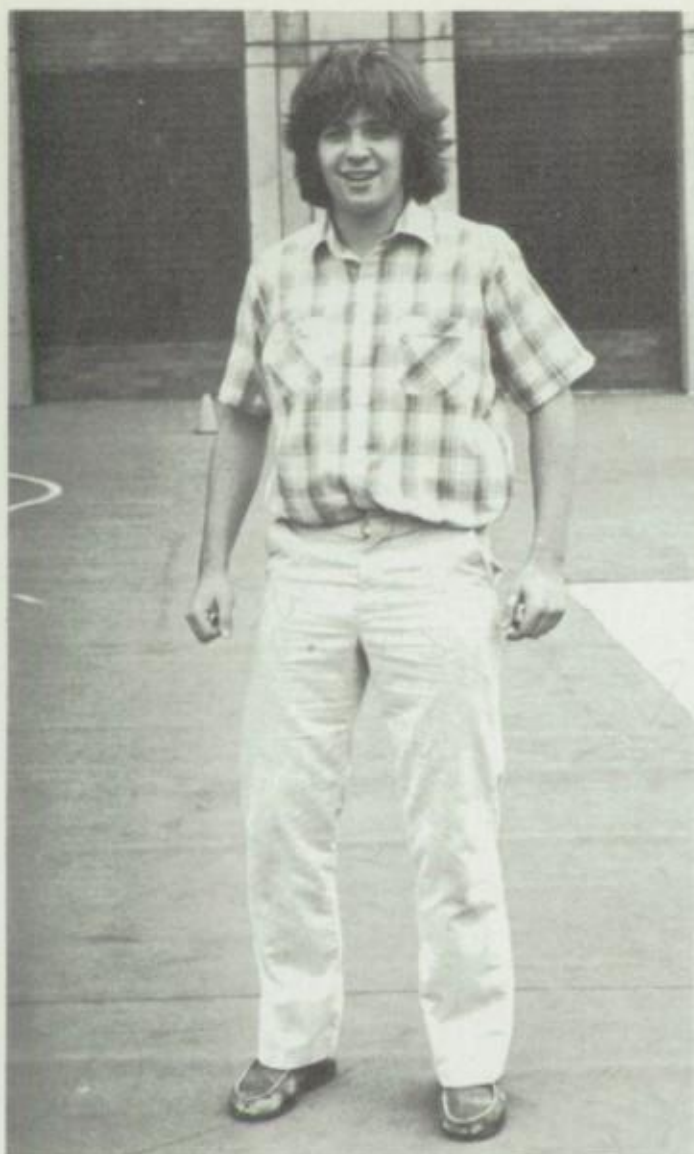
—Albert Einstein

Outta love again

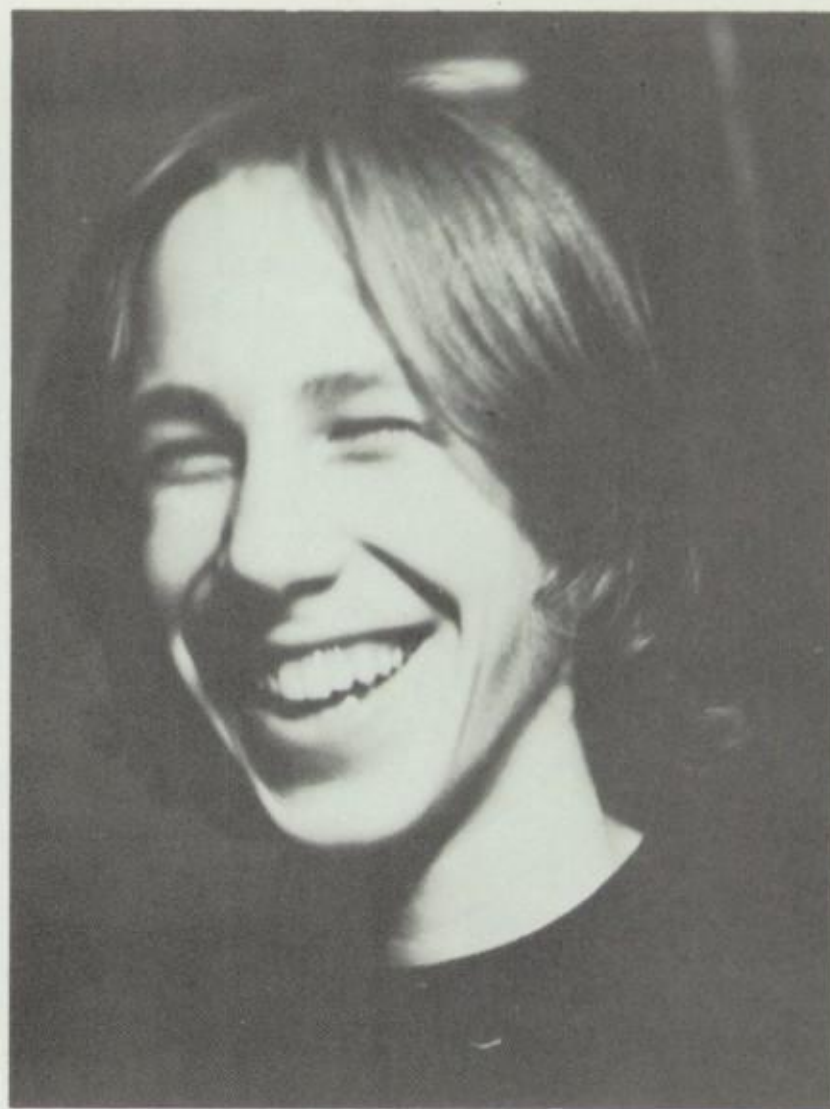
—Van Halen

But this war had such promise

—G.B. Trudeau



DIRK ZIFF



ALBERT LA FARGE



The Golden Rule is that there are no Golden Rules.

—Bernard Shaw

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da,
Life goes on, bra.
—The Beatles

It's not messy in here, Rick.
—A.R. La F.

Assume Nothing





ANNE PASANEN

Evangeline stream—Evangeline's dream

—Blondie

Good Night Good Night Everybody
Everybody everywhere
Good Night.

—The Beatles

*Dear Vickie —
Good luck in the years
to come and with soccer &
softball. Anne*

Hanging on a frequency and burning like a fire
Boy you've got the motion down, it's getting late, I'm tired
and I've lost control
Don't leave me here
Time is running out
Take me down the highway like a rocket to the ocean, we can run.

—Blondie



BEATRICE HUSSETT

I am a part of all that I have met . . .
Thou' much is taken, much abides . . .
That which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic heart . . .

Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson



JOHANNA GLOVER



Don't ever be afraid to fly
Partir, c'est mourir un peu;
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

—Edmond Haraucourt



I don't know why it is we are in such a hurry to get up when we fall down. You might think we would lie there and rest awhile.

—Max Eastman

"You *do* sell books, don't you?"

"What do these look like, grapefruits?"

—*The Big Sleep*

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem nos habebit humus

—students' song





LISBET ENGBERG VICTORIA WESELEY



I despise you 'cause your feet's too big

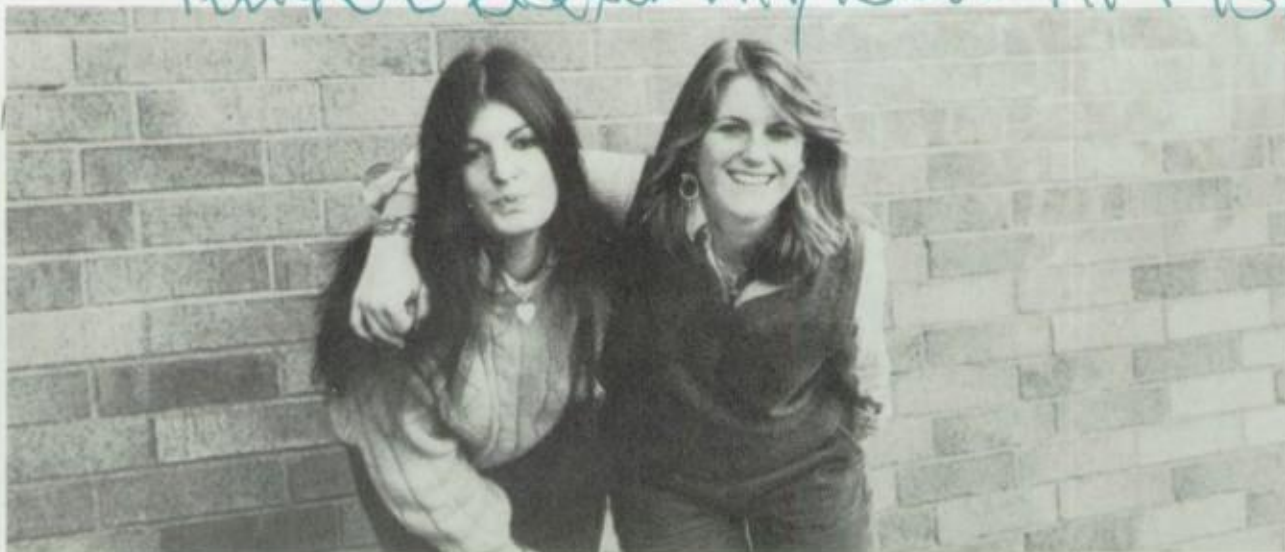
—Fats Waller



Fiddle dee dee—there's always tomorrow.

—Scarlett O'Hara

TEENAGE BISEXUALITY IS ON THE RISE



Kiss me you fool!

NADIA LEVINSON



"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

—Lewis Carroll



NANCY ULRICH

In certainty I am certain that underneath our topmost layers of frailty men want to be good and want to be loved.

—John Steinbeck, *East of Eden*

"I mean, the caterpillar isn't walking around saying, 'Man, I'm soon gonna be a butterfly!' Because as long as he's busy being a caterpillar, he can't just be a butterfly. It's only when caterpillarness is done that one can start to be a butterfly."





CHRIS HUNT

Apollo Creed: "Ain't gonna be no rematch."
Rocky: "Don't want one."

A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing that he is at last entirely right—Robert Louis Stevenson

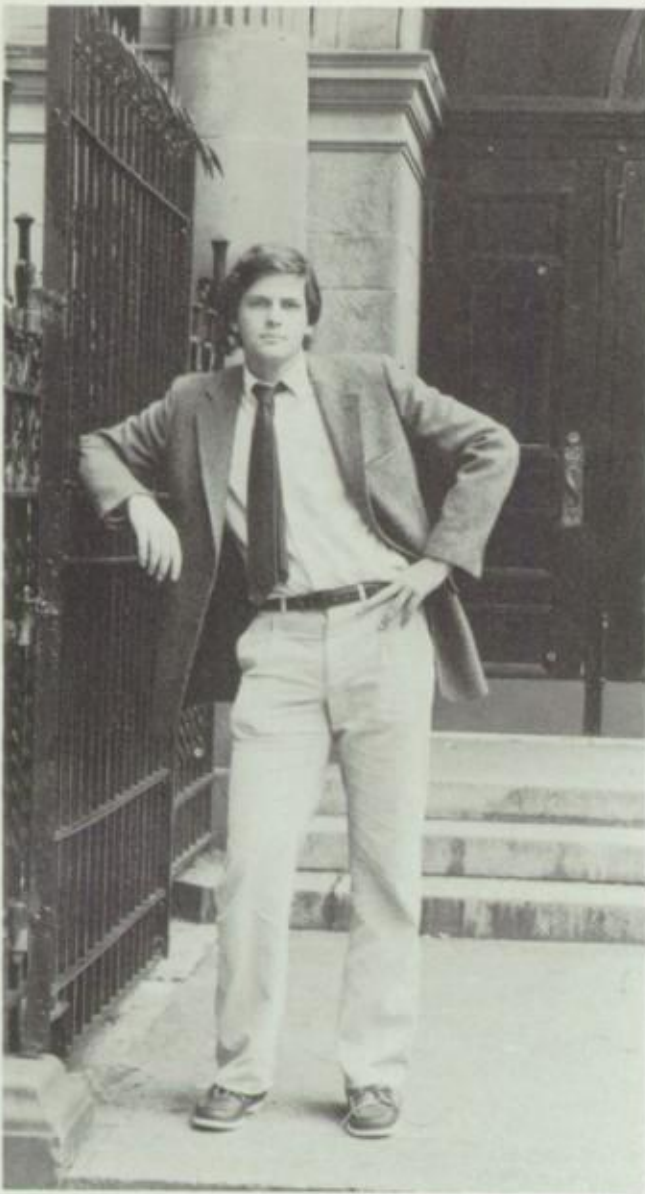
These vagabond shoes
Are logging to stray
Right through the very heart of it
New York, New York

I want to wake up in a city
That never sleeps . . .
And find I'm a Number One,
Top of the List,
King of the Hill
A Number One . . .

—Frankie

ERIC KOGAN





ALEC SOKOLOW

M&D: If anyone should ever write my life story, for whatever reason there might be, ahh you'll be there between each line of pain & glory, cause your the best thing that ever happened to me.—G.K. & T.P.

I've always been crazy, but it's kept me from going insane.—W.J.

You have nothing to fear but beer itself.—X.

You see, (pause) there are two kinds of people in this world (pause and spit), those who carry guns (point gun) and those who dig (squint), NOW DIG!!!—Clint

MARK FENSTER



You can teach me life's lesson
You can bring alot to know
But you just can't live in Texas
If you don't have alot of soul
Sir Douglas Sahm

I think I'm gonna make like a hockey player and get the puck
outta here. Tom Waits



ELLY EISENBERG

This dear friends and companions, is my amiable object—to walk with you through the fair, to examine the shops and the shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise, and the gaiety, and be perfectly miserable in private.

—W.M. Thackeray

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.

—La Rochefoucauld



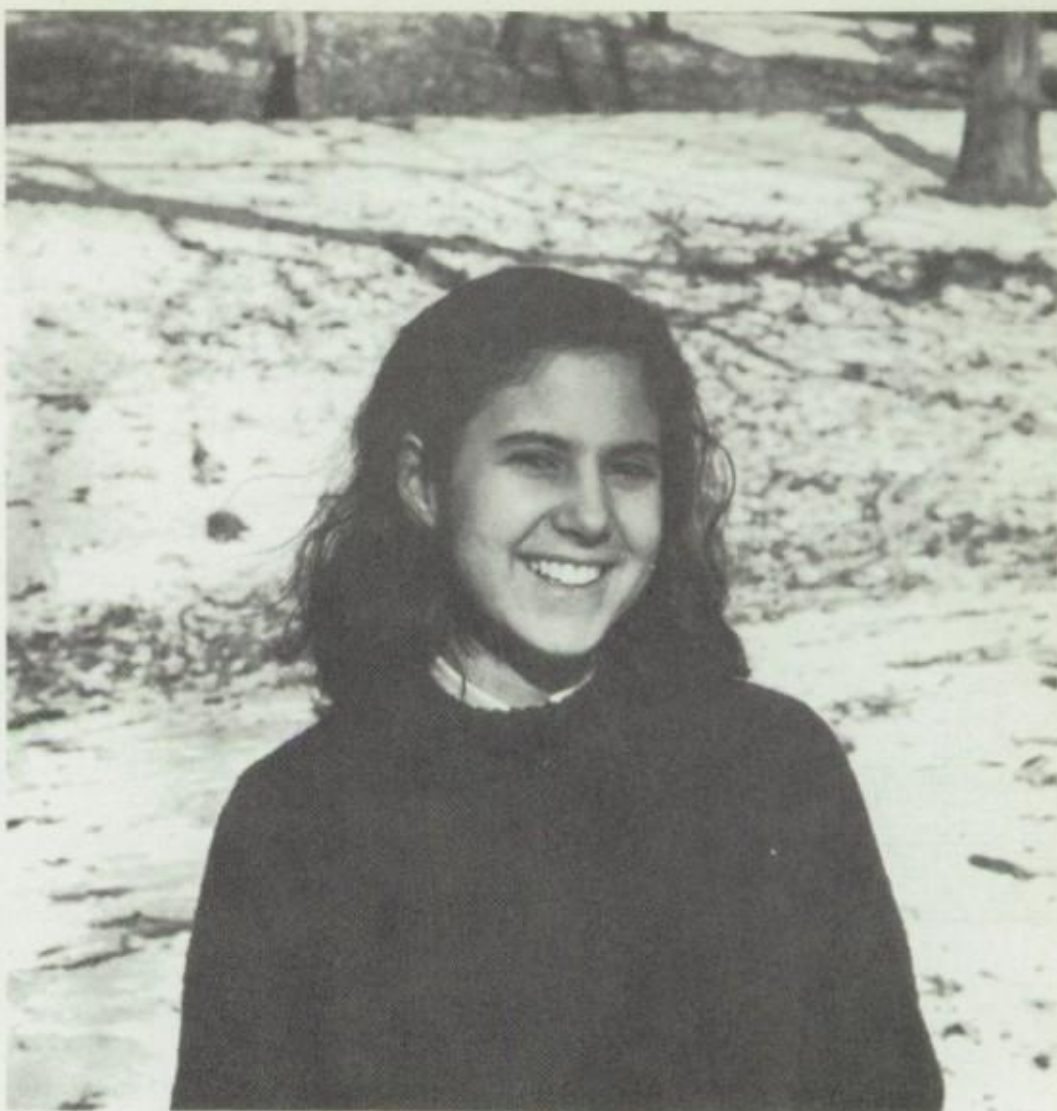
JENNIFER VICKERS

And it comforted her to think that the future was certainly inevitable: cause and effect would go jangling forward to some goal doubtless, but to none that she could imagine.

—E.M. Forster

KYRA E. REPPEN

An argument isn't just contradiction.
It can be.
No it can't, an argument is a connected series
of statements intended to establish a
proposition.
No it isn't.
Yes it is, it's not just contradiction.
Look if I argue with you I must take up a
contrary position.
Yes, but that's not just saying 'no it isn't'
Yes it is!
No it isn't. Argument is an intellectual process;
contradiction is just the automatic gamesaying
of any statement the other person makes.
No it isn't.
Yes it is.
Not at all.
Now look . . . —Monty Python



ELLEN McGARRAHAN

The river reflected whatever it chose of sky and
bridge and burning tree, and when the undergraduate
had oared his boat through the reflections they closed
again, completely, as if he had never been.

—Virginia Woolf

I could probably tell you what I did after I went
home, and how I got sick and all, and what school I'm
supposed to go to next fall, after I get out of here, but I
don't feel like it. I really don't.

—J.D. Salinger



AMY ROBINSON

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning

I wish I didn't know now
what I didn't know then
—Bob Seger

The scheming's over
I'm gonna be only me this time
—Al Jarreau

We can't return we can only look
behind from where we came
and go round and round and round
in the circle game
—Joni Mitchell



We swore forever
friends, out on the back-
streets until the end.



I don't need to fight
to prove I'm right
I don't need to be forgiven.

BRIDGET LEROY

Man, according to Needleman, was not a "thing" apart from nature, but was involved "in nature", and could not observe his own existence without first pretending to be indifferent and then running around to the opposite end of the room quickly in the hopes of glimpsing himself.—Woody Allen



What does an actor want with a conscience anyway?
—Woody Allen



DIANA RESS



When the dream came
 I held my breath with my eyes closed
 I went insane, like a smoke ring day
 When the wind blows
 Now I won't be back till later on
 If I do come back at all
 But you know me, and I miss you
 —N.Y.

suki frisch



We are stardust—J.M.

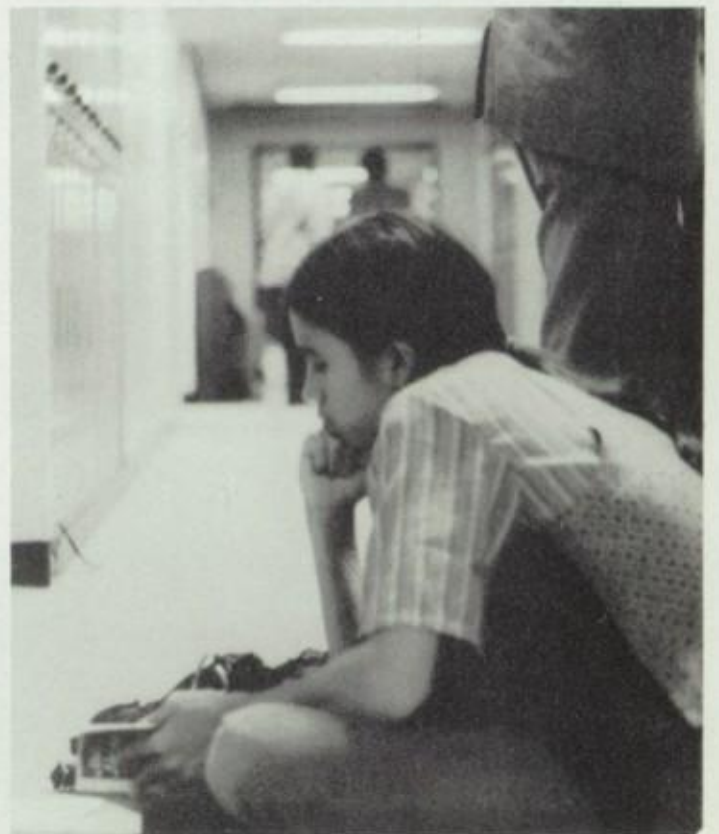
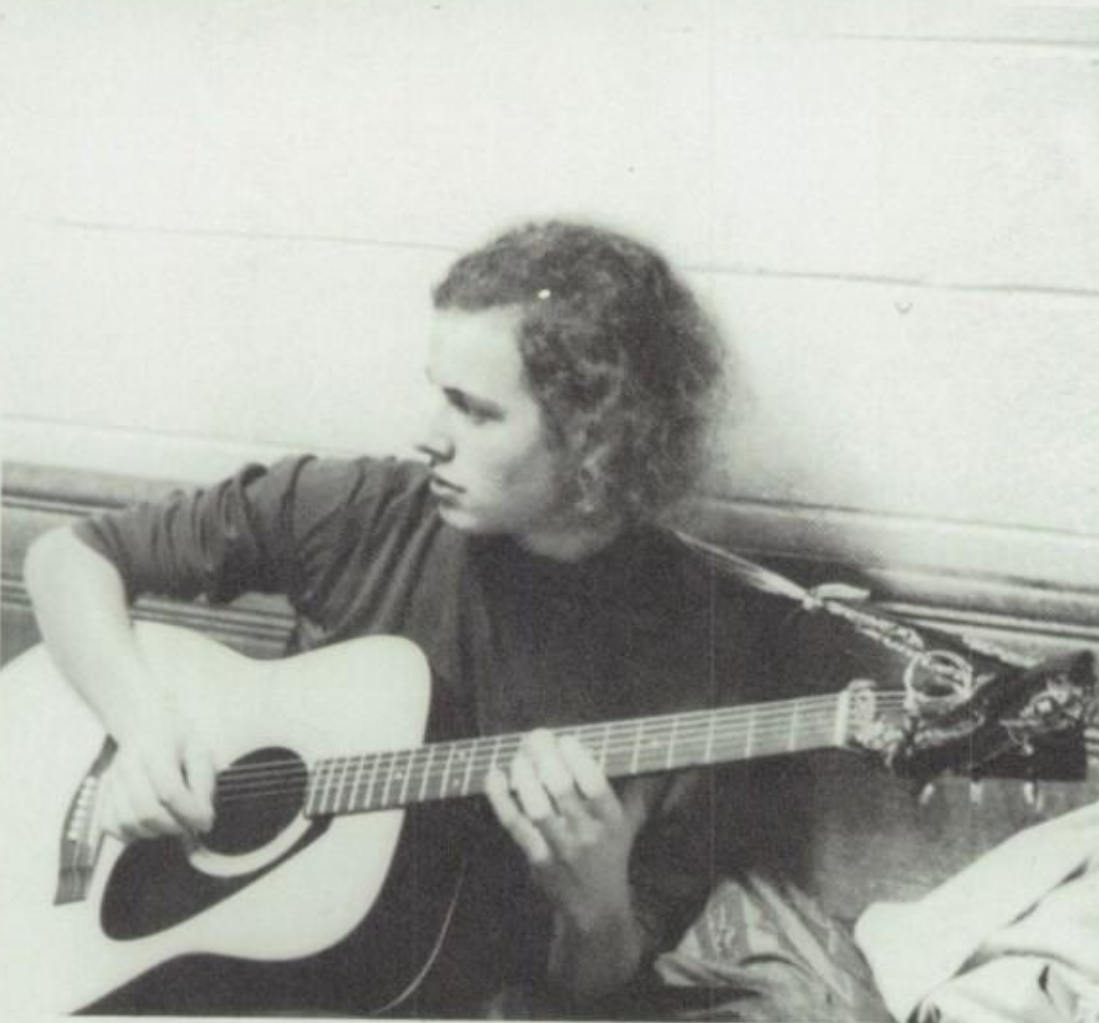
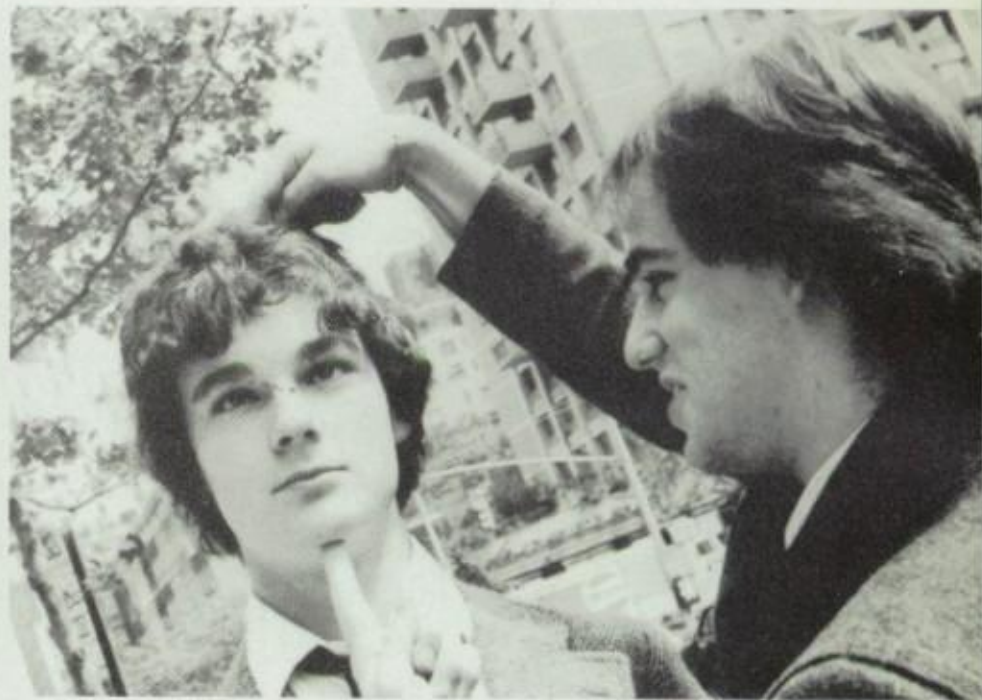
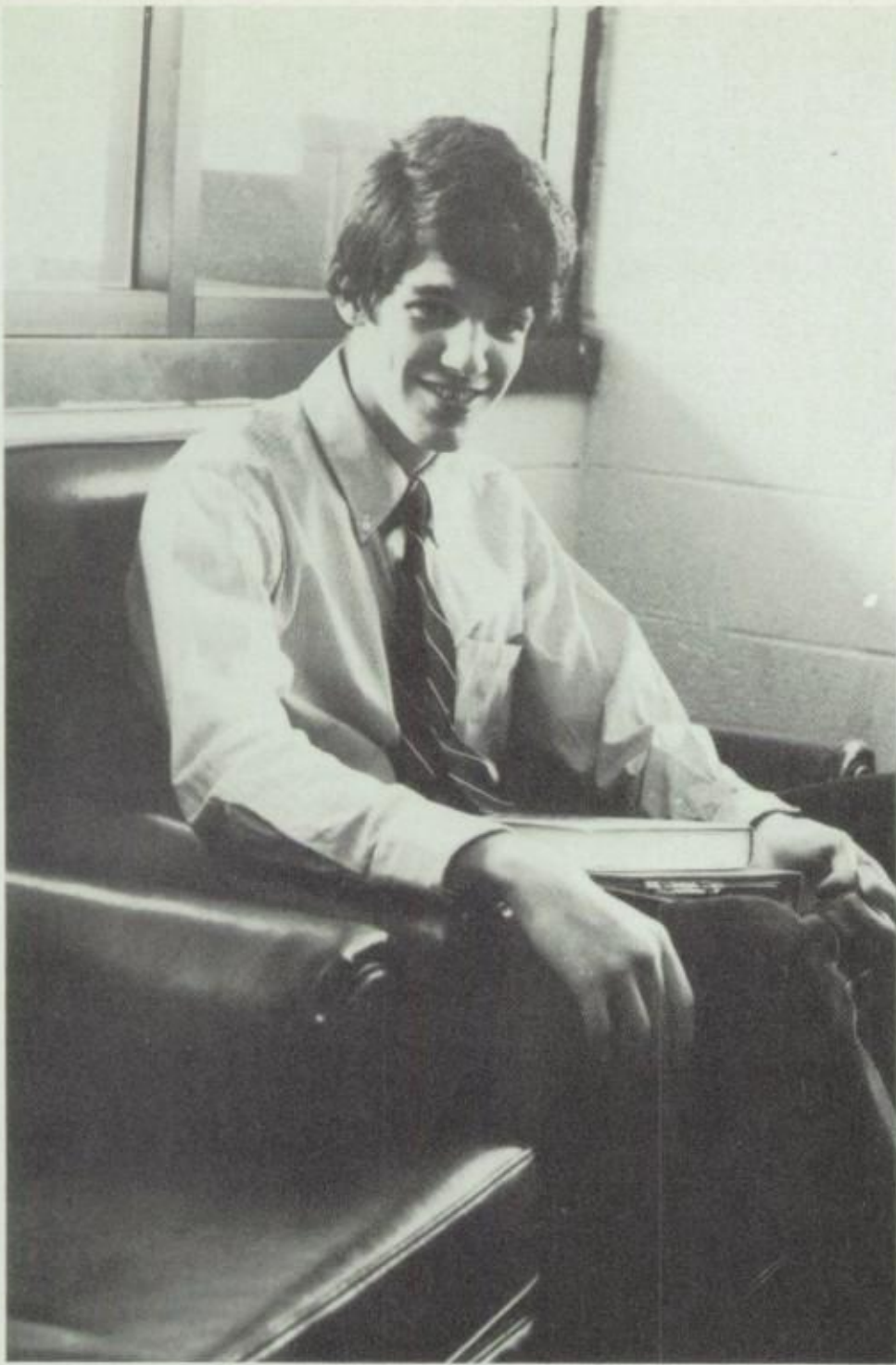
To crave happiness in this world is simply to
 be possessed by a spirit of revolt.—Ibsen

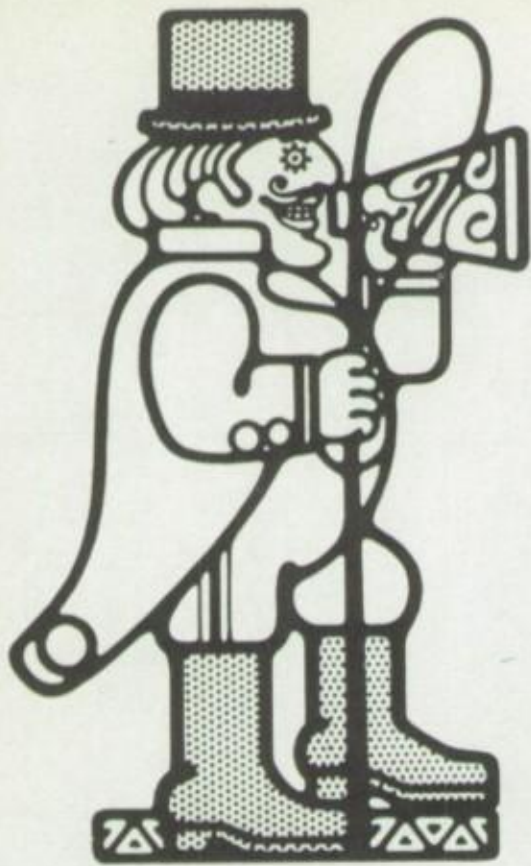
"When I use a word" said humpty dumpty
 in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I
 choose It to mean neither more nor
 less."—Lewis Carroll

But that is the beginning of a new story
 —the story of the gradual renewal of a man
 . . . of his initiation into a new unknown life.
 —Dostoyevsky











The Blues Brothers go disco



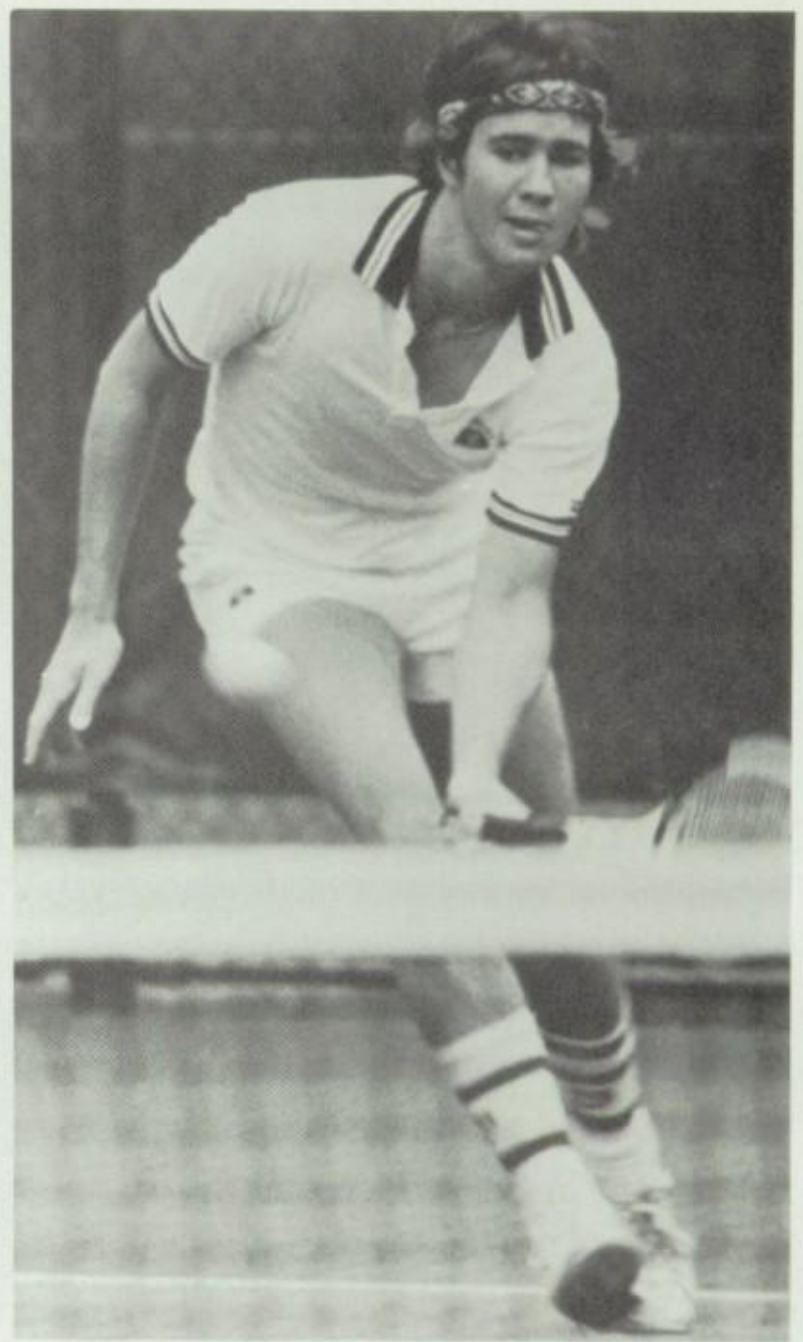
Junk food junkie



I'm just a natural kind of a guy

SPORTS





VARSIITY TENNIS

Running off eight victories in their last nine matches, Pancho Lebow's netmen finished a sterling season of tennis with a won-lost mark of 12-3 and a fifth consecutive Ivy League title. The championship was no great surprise, and every league rival was trounced by a count of four matches to one. Certain individual accomplishments were impressive. Other than losses to a pair of Eastern ranked players, senior Rex Miller defeated the number one representative from every school Trinity faced. Senior Mark McEnroe employed a thundering serve and some powerful ground strokes en route to a 13-2 record, while freshman Tom Prince provided a youthful and able addition in the third singles slot. Seniors Anthony Cugini and Tom Nagorski used top-notch strategy to put away ten of the twelve first doubles teams they faced, finishing their career with a 20-7 mark. Sophomores Ken Koeppel and Tony Stearns were the second doubles tandem, and Michael Kahn and Clarkson Hine rounded out this star-studded squad. The years highlights included 3-2 squeakers won over Dalton, Englewood, Fieldston, and



Kneeling: Kenny Keoppel, Tim Prince. Standing: Mike Wang, Tom Nagorsky, Rex Miller, Mark McEnroe, Tony Stearns.

Pingry; 5-0 romps over Dwight, Collegiate and Kew Forest, Miller's shouting match at Fieldston, McEnroe's occasional howls, Cugini and Nagorsky's tremendous

victory at Kent, Koeppel's marvelous lobs, and, of course, Coach Lebow's unending wit and humorous antics.

—T.G.N.

VARSITY BASEBALL



First Row, left to right: Liz Gross, Jimmy Harris, Anthony Cugini, Chris Hunt, Jeffrey Weener, Geordie Campbell, Matt Sienna, Jon Friedman, David Faber, Michael Gibbs. Second Row: Mike Wang, David Thomas, Rex Miller, Alex Sokolow, Tom Nagoraski, Andrew Thomas, Mark Fenster, Eric Kogan, Chris Hunt, Coach Tyson.

SEVEN-EIGHT BASEBALL



First Row: James Benson, Freddy Joseph, Nick Grumbach, Danny Ellen, Andy Bernstein, Pater Felsenfeld, Mark McCabe, David Wallis, James Langworthy. Second Row: Mr. Maxim, Chris Trencher, Adam Ross, David Wasser, Dylan Roberts, Doug Polley, Mark Troemel, Brian Cazeneuve, Chris Hart-Zafra, Michael Shure, Michael Gibbs, William Fogg.

FENCING



First row: Danny Oscar, Mark Troemel, Joe Henriquez, Marie LeBlanc, Sarah Bayliss, Kyra Reppen, Daniel David, Fred Berry. Second row: Dylan Roberts, Ed Scott, Noah Southall, Jarrid Tausig, Andy Denson, Sascha Cocron, Sesh Mudumbai, David Harris.

FOOTBALL ALLSTARS



First row: Mark Fenster, Jeff Weiner, Dirk Ziff, Rick Schnetzer. Second row: Don Mason, Rodney Choice, Bill Brayer, Matt Horovitz, Miles Esty, Phil Walsh.

the wheels on the bus go round and round — round and round
 the wheel on the bus go round — + — round — round + round
 early in the morning! —

Caesar
 (Michelle)

WRESTLING



First row: Andy Rosen, Greg Selig, Edwin Rambusch, Kent Smith, Jim Freeman, Craig Varjian, Mary Bachvaroff. Second row: Bea Hussett, Johanna Glover, Nick Kambolis, Howdy Freeman, Tony LaBruna, Harlan Joseph, Coach Cantor. Third row: Anne Pasanen, Mitch Stolak, Alex Miral, Steve Schechter, Mike Clark, Bailey Freund.

SWIMMING



First row: Jed Burack. Second row: Andy Dubin, Nick Grumbach, Mark Sorre, Albert Webster, Bobby Meltzer, Ben Moss. Third row: Andrea Pincus, David Murtz, Liz Lawrence, Sarah Killough, Amy Merims, Harry Culver. Fourth row: Adrienne Zickin, Iara Horfi, Scott Adler, Gardiner Harris, Jon Crowley, Emily DeCoster, Sarah Keener, Francesca Basilica, John Ulin, Mark Mehl, Adam Ifshin, Anna Li.

TRACK



Kneeling: Stefan Harshman, Sesh Mudumbai, Ben Moss, Miles Esty, Ezra Halleck, Susan Haugh. Standing: Mr. Kivlan, Warren Etheredge, Packy Wall, Greta Waitz, Alex Gruzen, Andy Mosedale, Jon Musmand, Nancy Ulrich, Phil "the Hillman" Robbins, Kaz Kuno, John Engel, Noirin Lucas, Lisa Ulrich

SOFTBALL



Sitting: Claudia Lebenthal, Ellen Jacobsen, Nadia Levinson, Anne Pasanen, Beth Campbell. Standing: Steven Ellis, Becky Laughlin, Cathleen Joyce, Lydia McNally, Elizabeth Lawrence, Alexander Leafy, Mr. Toborg.

VARSITY LACROSSE



Reclining: Liz Saltzman, Geordie Campbell. Sitting: Nicky White, Jon Sidel, Mike Turnbull, Howdy Freeman, Peter Granath, Alex Miral. Kneeling: Jon Hoffman, Oscar Bleetstein, Julian Minnenberg. Standing: Nick Donahue, Hogi Hyun, Alex Gruzen, Fred Doss, Brian Granath, Lars Fuchs, Nick Kambolis, James Marcus, Tony LaBruna, Tony Lyons, John Golfinos, John Fahey, Nick Bernstein, Caesar Garrido, David Adams, The Ref, Ernie Shields.

7-8 LACROSSE



Front Row: Louis Clarke, Robert Vogliano, Craig Varjian, Greg Selig, Neil Katz, Ian Levy, Kent Smith, Jock Rodgers, Scott Schechter, Edward Scott, Robbit Mcdermot, Mark Sorre. Back Row: Mr. Toborg, Jeff Timmermans, Joe Henriquez, Bobby Rafford, Fraser Musmand, Craig Robin, Steve Diamond, Osman Akiman, John Milgrim, Mark Adams, Gordon Caplan, Ernie Shields.

GIRLS SOCCER



Front row: Susan Crane, Sally McGarrahan, Lisa Buxbaum, Isabelle Kaplan, Amy Merims, Back row: Vicky Schestack, Kathy Joyce, Karen Granath, Tine Thompson, Nadia Levinson, Jenny Pasenen, Lisa Friedman, Gaylen Joseph, Jennifer Vickers, Coach Kivlan.

VARSITY SOCCER



First row left to right: Mary LeBlanc, Leslie Harris, Stephanie Friedman, Lisa Auslander, Anne Kaplan, Andrea Pi-Sunyer, Back row: Phoebe Hawkins, Francesca Basilico, Nancy Deutch, Noirin Lucas, Christine Segalis, Cynthia Carris, Christine Mesch.

VOLLEYBALL



Sitting: Peter Granath, Alec Sokolow, Paul Bucanovic, Mark Weintraub. Kneeling: Andy Dubin, Michael Gibbs, Julien Minenberg, Chris Hunt, Andy Rosen. Standing: Eric Cogan, J.M. Gibbs, Ben Moss, John Friedman, Chris Degenhardt, Kaz Kuno, Packy Wall, Jeff Weiner.

J.V. SOCCER



Front row left to right: Pele?, Craig Varijan, Robert Hanning, Josh Greenberg, Nicky White, David Zabel, John Caguiat, Back row: Mark Sheridan, John Kekalos, Nick Kambolis, Tim Prince, Anthony Fauci, Harlan Joseph, Stephan Harshman, Adam Popper, Joe Silva.

VARSITY BASKETBALL



First row: Mr. Maxim, Steven Ellis, Rodney Choice, Philip Walsh, Miles Esty, Matt Boyer, Craig Coleman. Second row: Jessie Farroe, Tony Lyons, Alec Sokolow, Don Mason, Mark Fenster, Jeffrey Weiner.

J.V. BASKETBALL



First Row: Greg Adler, Jordan Hamoway, Eric Rosencrantz, Jon Friedman. Second Row: James Lockhart, David Thomas, Matt Siena, David Rubinger, Jeff Whalen, Andrew Thomas, Mr. Kivlan.

GIRLS BASKETBALL



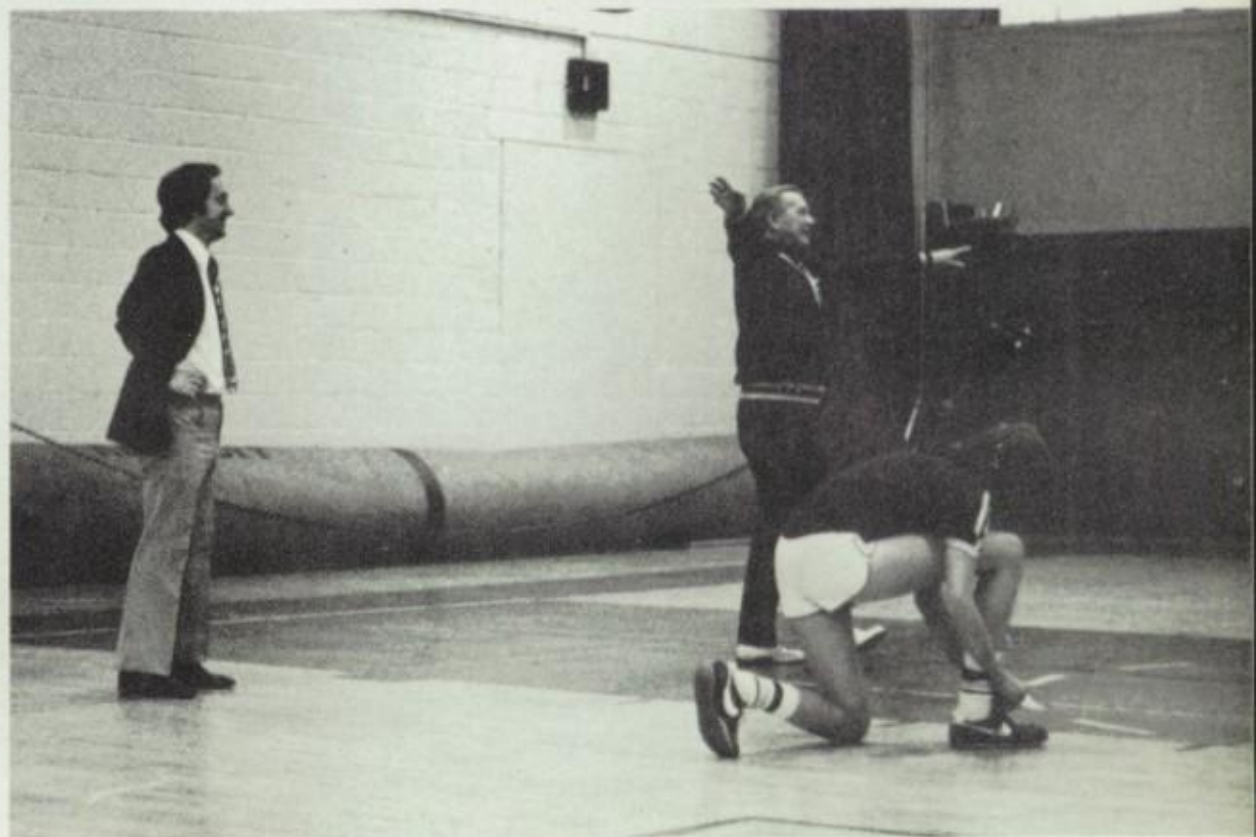
First Row: Suzanne Green, Valerie Parkas, Dorothy Novak. Second Row: Nancy Ulrich, Debbie Kaplan, Andrea Pi-Sunyer, Rachel Laird, Ms. Perelson.

GYMNASTICS



First row: Ginger Tougas, Jimmy Harris. Second row: Vanessa Schwartz, Phoebe Hawkins, Amanda Green, Cathleen Joyce, Lisa Buxbaum, Isabelle Kaplan, Coach Tyson. Third row: Sarah Cagiut, Stephanie, Noirin Lucas, Cynthia Carris, Jennifer Pasanen, Tina Thompson, Betsy Crane. Absent: Christine Mesch.





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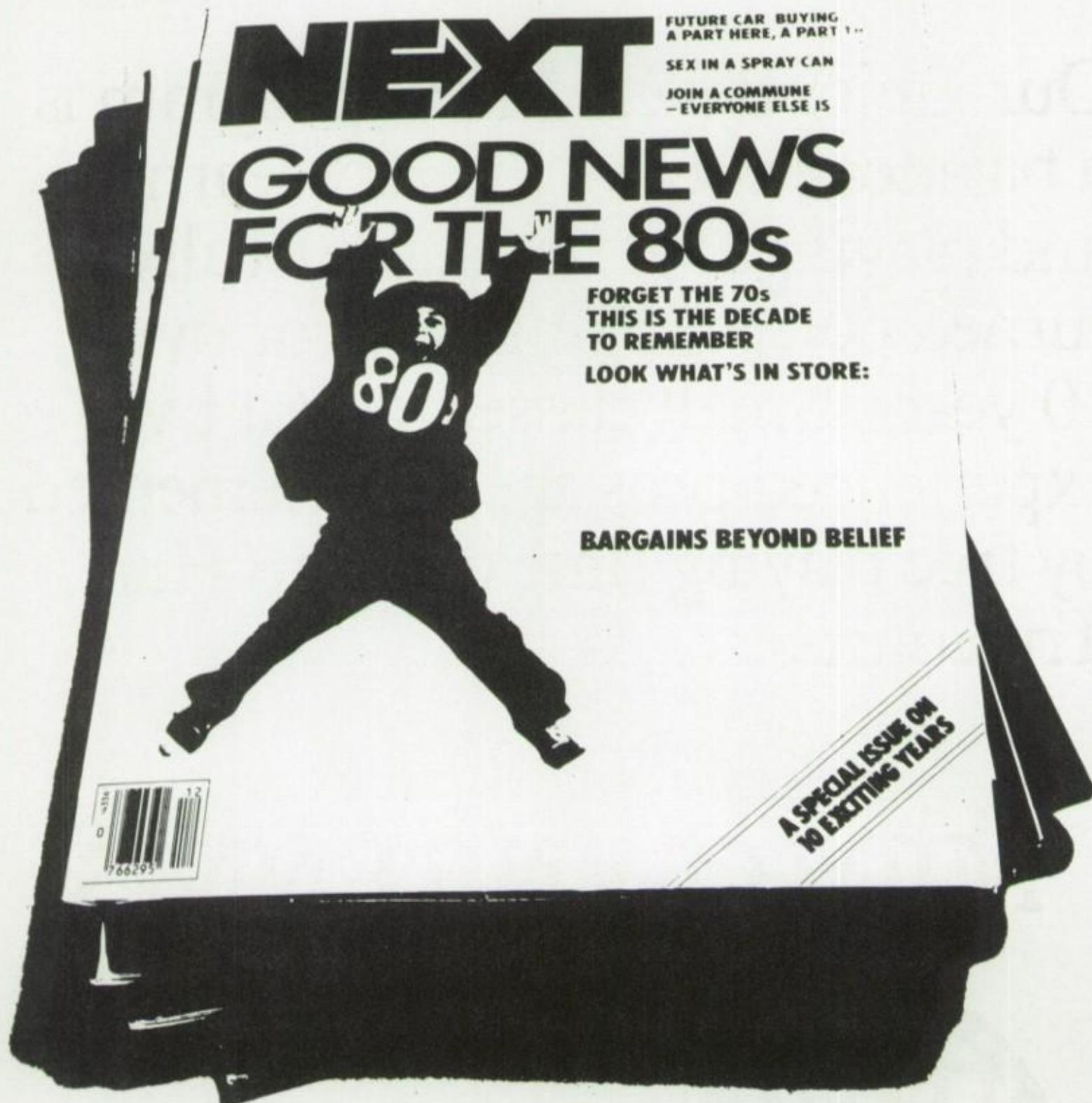
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Good Luck to the Class of 1981

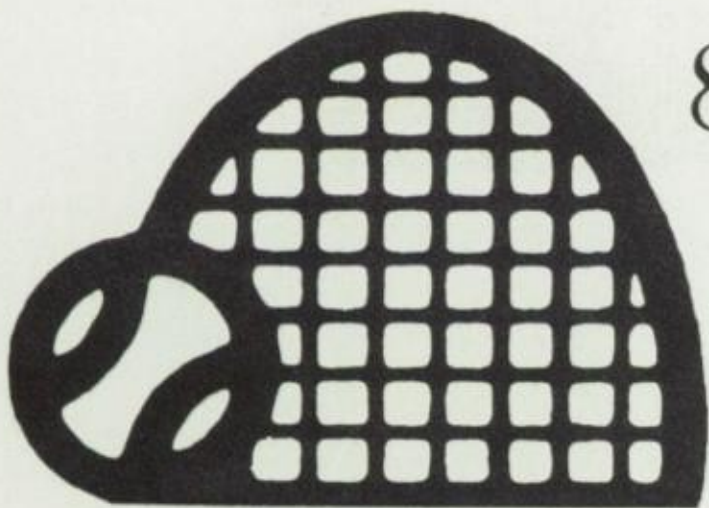



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TO
THE CLASS OF 1981

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Donald C.
Mendelson

Dear Vicki,
 what is the
 difference between
 snowmen and snow
 Snowballs!! How do
 Helen Keller's parents do
 furniture? They rearrange the
 there!! knock knock (who's
 the tub I'm downing! Ha Ha
 Anyway I'm glad I got to know you
 this year and all that mushy stuff.
 you're a great softball player (chuckle)
 I hope you're on the
 team next year. See ya later,
 Amy



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 Best Wishes To Our Jeffrey
 And The Class Of 1981.

Phyllis And Howard Weiner

Cynthia and Michael



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Best Wishes to the Senior Class

From Edward B. Scott
Edward A.B. Scott

Dear Vicki,
and life goes on
over. I know is
expecting really
something just don't
but I want to write
I want a shit head
such a year, I really do
beginning of a
think your and
you later have a
summer. I have to
little saying to
end this letter

Congratulations to the Class of 1981

from

son: Mommy, Mommy
I don't like
purple spaghetti

that's right, and you better behave from now on
or I'll castrate you with a
Flo-pen

mother: shut up or I'll rip the veins out of
your other
arm

The Family Of A.J. Brass

on a serious note, you are a real sweet
and super person.

Love
Steven

Ps. keep on breaking tubes

PPs. you're a mad lab destroyer

PPPs. break a tube

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Lisbet Engberg

from the
Frans
Paul, Mary, Adam
and Ethan

ONCE IN A WHILE
ALL YOU NEED IS—
LUCK

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from

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And
Brigitta
Baum

Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Adler

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*To Mr. & Mrs. J. wait with a thank
about... well anyway touch
keep in
over the*

*Summer
Volvis Amis
Robert
M. L. um*



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Aw To Vicki,

have a ~~nice~~
summer and don't
fail on your exams.

Cedric

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FENSTER
FAMILY

And Muffy (Super Dog)

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For Jenny not finished yet

Dear Veeke,

Golly It's been a year already. Well

I went by fast, we have shared
so much together (ie Gums, "Parrots",

Jan "R3", and of course C.P.R.) We have
survived admirably and should awarded
medals. I am so sorry I "pulled"
you down in my deception of Donald G.
Ow my fist hurts. Can you guess what I
thought about

COMPLIMENTS

Just now? Our OF daily trips to Mrs.
Kipp. So guess who this is - "Parrot wants a
cracker".

Alice and Michael

I am gonna

Shure

mess you but

I will see you During the Summer

Love,

Jenny

Dear Vicky,
I don't know how
you survived IBS
with Michael I
never could have
done **Ultimates** it.

by BMW

We both survived

BMW of North America, Inc.
Montvale, N. J.

Mr. Bellionos
yellings (many times)
I hope you have

a Super summer

and I hope we can become even

Congratulations

from

Arthur's and Staff

You are the
ingredients that go
into the making of
a better world.

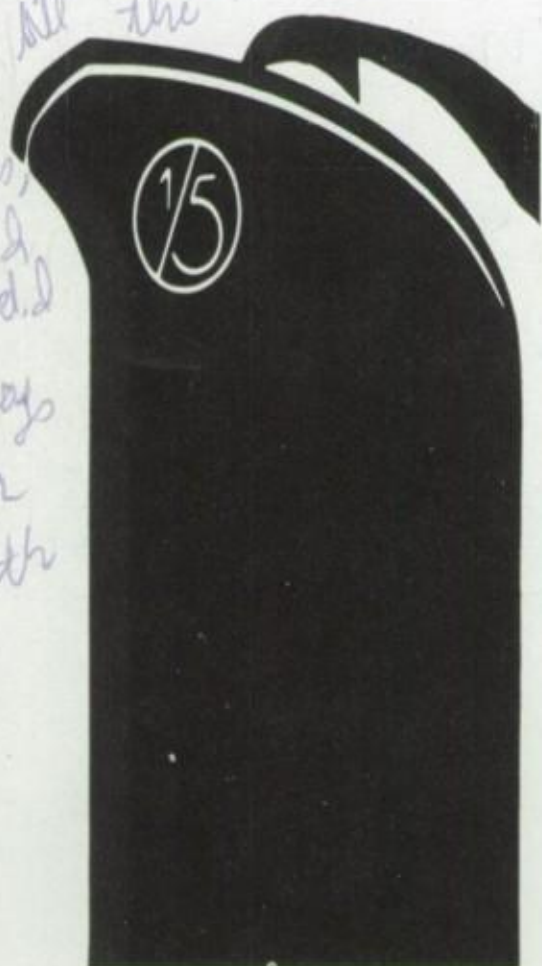
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to "The big Vickeroo!"
Heres to all the

broken test tubes,
thermometers and I
like French food. I
have also always
admitted you for
putting up with
Foggy.

Love,
Pete

better friends next year
COR of course
Fotio



Cartier 1927
Photo: Cartier Archives

Cartier

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WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU GUYS. OUR WARMEST CONTRATULATIONS
TO ALL OF YOU. REMEMBER, YOU HAVE A STANDING INVITATION TO
COME OVER, ANYTIME. LOVE TO ALL OF YOU,

CAROL AND ALEX (KOGAN)

The following people, both furry and not, are very proud
of Timmy Townsend and love him very much:

Uncle Fuzz and Miniature Fuzz, Killy, Pooh, Willow, Pom Pom
Paddington, Benjie, Ribbitt, Leo, Walrus, Sealy, Mrs. Koala
and Baby Koala, Boris, Maybelle, Uncle Freg, Aunt Ped, Aunt Julie,
Grandma G., Grandpa G., Grandma T., Grandpa T., Melissa, Jennifer
and Mommy and Daddy . . . and more.



The Fifth Grade

The Fifth grade can be rather pleasant. This year we have gone to a disco roller skating rink in the Bronx. Almost everyone had a lot of fun, even if they couldn't skate well. Soon we'll be going to Frost Valley to cross-country ski. Exams seemed hard before they were taken but turned out to be rather easy. We have five subjects—English, science, math, linguistics, and social studies. We also have gym, study hall (in which you do your homework), lunch, turf, and electives. Electives are special activities for learning how to do things or for just plain old fun. Fifth grade is not so different from fourth grade except that there is a lot of running—every day from class to class and once around the reservoir. All in all, fifth grade is a pretty good grade to be in.

by Myles McDonnell
Pictures by Guy Smith

Dear Vicky,
I sometimes wonder how I managed to survive our outrageous algebra class! But it was fun, even though I sometimes got mad. Having a student like you who really seemed to like math was nice for me. You are good - hope you can keep it up next year.

ms. Ewer

The Gilbert Jonas Company Inc.

Some drawings in the style of Edward Gorey and Charles Addams. Their genius is acknowledged.

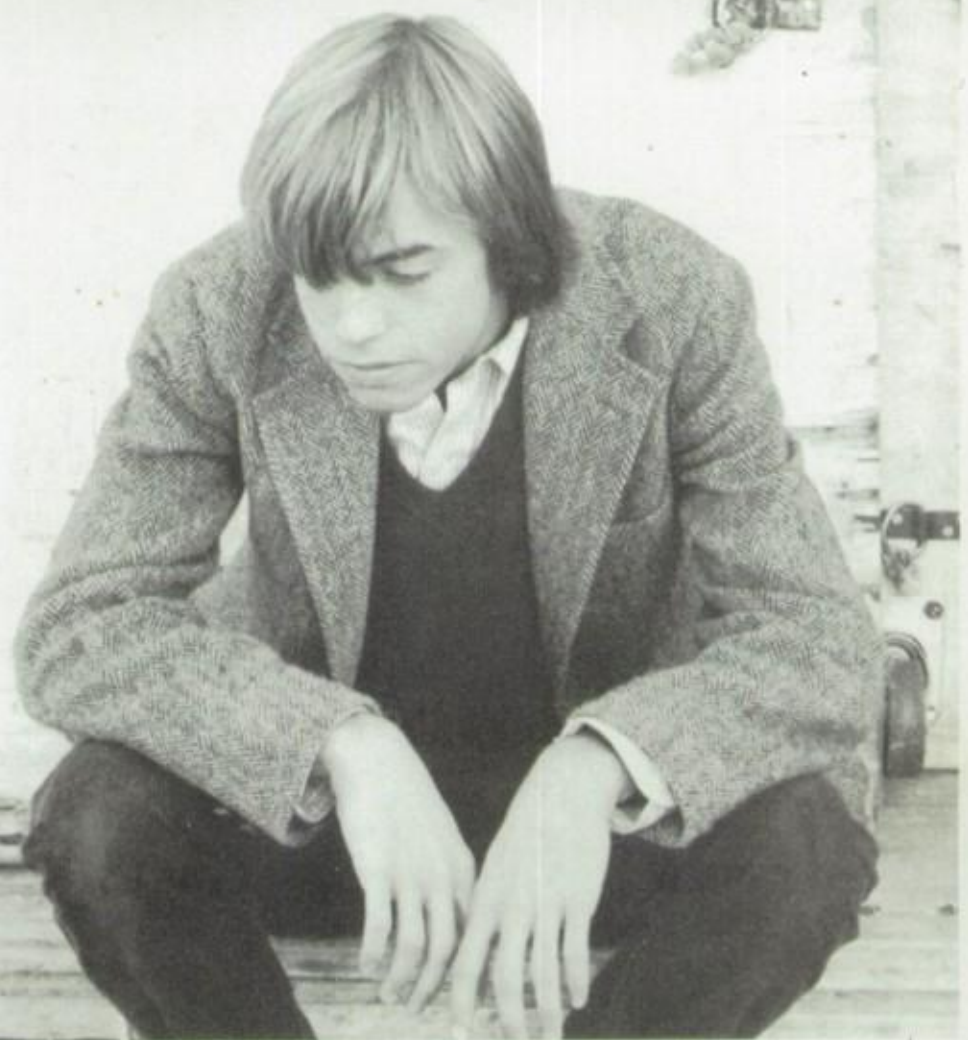
April 7, 2000
New York
(back to work)



ONE LIFE TO LIVE




PHILIP H. SMYTH



Dear Vicky, the Big
 (Vic, de vic, the Big
 Vice-Roo). Vat can I say?
 Beefst-who? Yeh-who! Hogbra in
 the movement, Benchniding during
 the basketball season, pretending to be able
 to catch a softball (and to hit it), lobster
 imitation, "Beats my Ass", "dude could take me
 and turn me around and throw me into the
 Delaware River, still shit to me!", and of course
 TWIZZLERS!!!



you! love ya
 your friend
 Kathryn

from  LASH to TRINITY SCHOOL

I say - drugs and sex and sex and sex and sex and sex and sex

THE
 ERD

CIAO

Hey Vic,

The Short All American Novel

Que Pasa? Yea I know summer is coming
but your still gonna go to school right. Right?
Harvard is opening up a new summer
school on tattooing and that sounds just
like the ticket for you. But if your not
interested in that Princeton has just
opened up a new summer on "how to
be a Rob Rooter man in only 6 short
weeks". Don't knock it you know Rob Rooter
men make lots of cash you know. But
if your not into that then I found
out theres an opening for a summer
job at Kemal Attaturk's kangaroo parking
garage from the Australian bush. As you
know? Thats about all I could find
in the mag of summer jobs and
I'd better stop before you murder me
for taking up a page. See ya Vic
I see ya next year.

Dear Vic

Lets go in p.s.'s

Moppy

to exams. Got to
keep up the little Red
tradition.
Neal

MOP





